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[From The Independent.]

A COURT LADY.

BY MRS. ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

[The following beautiful poem, fresh from the pen of one of the most gifted women of the age, will be welcomed and appreciated by our readers, not only as giving a touching picture of Italy after the war, but as delicately conveying the author's political views in reference to that proposed arrangement in the Italian States which is now the chief question of European politics. It is proper to mention that Mrs. Browning is a Napoleonist, and looks with enthusiasm for the freedom of Italy through the aid of France.]

I.

Her hair was thick with gold, her eyes with purple were dark,
Her cheeks pale (save that burnt with a red and restless spark

II.

Never was lady of Milan nobler in name and in race
Never was lady of Italy fairer to see in the face

III.

Never was lady on earth more true as woman and wife,
Larger in judgment and instinct, grander in manners and life.

IV.

She stood in the early morning, and said to her maidens, 'Bring
That silken robe made ready to wear at the court of the king.'

V.

Bring me the clasps of diamonds, lucid, clear of the mote,
Clasp me the large at the waist, and clasp me the small at the throat

VI.

Diamonds to fasten the hair, and diamonds to fasten the sleeves,
Lucent to drop from their rays, like a powder of snow from the eaves.'

VII.

Goes gemm'd she entered the sunlight which gathered her up in a flame,
White, straight in her open carriage, she to the hospital came.

VIII.

In she went at the door, and pacing from end to end,
'Many and low are the pallets, but each is the place of a friend.'

IX.

Up she passed through the wards, and stood at a young man's bed
Bloody the hand on his brow, and livid the droop of his head.

X.

Art thou a Lombard, my brother? Happy art thou,' she cried,
And smiled like Italy on him: he dreamed in her face and died.

XI.

Pale with her passing soul, she went on still to a second:
He was a grave hard man, whose years by dungeons were reckoned.

XII.

Wounds in his body were sore, wounds in his life were sorer,
'Art thou a Romagnole?' Her eyes drove lightnings before her.

XIII.

'Austrian and priest had joined to double and tighten the cord
Able to bind thee, O strong one!—free by the stroke of a sword.

XIV.

'Now be grave for the rest of us, using the life overcast
To ripen our wine of the present (too new) in glooms of the past.'

XV.

Down she stepped to a pallet where lay a face like a girl's,
Young, and pathetic with dying,—a deep black hole in the curls.

XVI.

'Art thou from Tuscany, brother? and seest thou, dreaming in pain,
Thy mother stand in the piazza, searching the list of the slain?'

XVII.

Kind as a mother herself, she touched his cheeks with her hands;
'Blessed is she who [redacted] borne thee, although she should weep as she stands.'

XVIII.

On she passed to a Frenchman, his arm carried off by a ball:
Kneeling,—O more than my brother! how shall I thank thee for all?

XIX.

'Each of the heroes around us has fought for his land and line,
But thou hast fought for a stranger, in hate of a wrong not thine.

XX.

'Happy are all free peoples, too strong to be dispossessed;
But blessed are those among nations, who dare to be strong for the rest!'

XXI.

Ever she passed on her way, and came to a couch where pined
One with a face from Venetia, white with a hope out of mind.

XXII.

Long she stood and gazed, and twice she tried at the name,
But two great crystal tears were all that faltered and came.

XXIII.

Only a tear for Venice?—she turned as in passion and loss,
And stooped to his forehead and kissed it, as if she were kissing the cross.

XXIV.

Faint with that strain of heart she moved on then to another,
Stern and strong in his death. 'And dost thou suffer, my brother?'

XXV.

Holding his hands in hers:—'Out of the Piedmont lion
Cometh the sweetness of freedom! sweetest to live or to die on.'

XXVI.

Holding his cold, rough hands:—'Well, O well have ye done.
In noble, noble Piedmont, who would not be noble alone.'

XXVII.

Back he fell while she spoke. She rose to her feet with a spring—
'That was a Piedmontese! and this is the Court of the King.'

[For The New York Saturday Press.]

BUCKLE'S PHILOSOPHY.

BY WILLIAM L. SYMONDS.

If Mr. Buckle were called upon to point out the passage in his 'History of Civilization' which most completely embodies his fundamental and favorite idea, it would doubtless be the following, near the close of the fourth chapter:

> I pledge myself to show that the progress Europe has made from barbarism to civilization is entirely due to its intellectual activity; that the leading countries have now for some centuries advanced sufficiently far to shake off the influence of those physical agencies by which in an earlier state their career might have been troubled; and that although the moral agencies are still powerful, and still cause occasional disturbances, these are but aberrations, which if we compare long periods of time, balance each other, and thus in the total amount entirely disappear. So that, in a great and comprehensive view, the changes in every civilized people are, in their aggregate, dependent solely on three things: first, on the amount of knowledge possessed by their ablest men; secondly, on the direction which that knowledge takes, that is to say, the sort of subject to which it refers; thirdly, and above all, on the extent to which the knowledge is diffused, and the freedom with which it pervades all classes of society.

The same principle he states more succinctly in other places, thus: 'The total actions of mankind, considered as a whole, are left to be regulated by the total knowledge of which mankind is possessed.' And again: 'The growth of European civilisation is solely due to the progress of knowledge, and the progress of knowledge depends on the number of truths which the human intellect discovers, and on the extent to which they are diffused.'

The force of this principle may be more precisely seen by noticing its position in his general argument, and the character of the principles with which it is associated.

In the first chapter he proves the uniformity of many human actions and events from statistics, and therefore infers the possibility of a science of human life. These statistics are the whole foundation of his philosophy. That is, it rests on the observation and collection of external phenomena, and ignores the vital qualities and abstract problems of being. It has much to say about the processes, but nothing at all about the forces of life. It is skilful in developing how a thing acts, but knows nothing about the thing itself which acts. In the language of the Catechism, it has no power of passing from the outward and visible sign to the inward and spiritual grace. It is therefore essentially unphilosophical, and thoroughly superficial. It compares with any philosophical system as a log-book compares with the science of navigation, marking the facts, but knowing nothing about the principles. Throughout all nature ultimate principles and final causes are suggestions of the mind; the knowledge of them starts from consciousness, from internal observation, from the pondering of abstractions; and Mr. Buckle, in ignoring them because they cannot be put into statistical tables, is ignoring the richest and divine half of human nature. His grand deficiency in this chapter is in making everything depend on statistics, while there are no statistics of the soul, unless possibly they may be found at last in Heaven.

In the second chapter he discusses the influence of the physical agents, climate, soil, food, and the aspects of nature, upon man; and though his treatment of this great topic is more learned and brilliant than can be found in any other work, it is marked by his same perverse tendency to look at things only with the naked eye. He wholly ignores the distinctions of race, more potent than those of nature, and recognized especially in the present epoch of speculation and research, as perhaps the greatest of historical forces. There is reason even for the affirmation that everything depends upon race. The Semitic races have uniformly developed religions; the Indo-European races have uniformly been strong in respect to the sciences; the Celtic blood inclines to centralized government and civilization; the Teutonic blood inclines to democracy, to a mingling of individual culture with civil barbarism. And these tendencies have been true, no matter in what climate or on what soil the respective races have lived. Mr. Buckle has therefore discussed the influences of eternal nature without alluding to those powers in man which have most successfully combated those influences.

As in the first chapter he had ignored any inherent intellectual or instinctive tendencies, any spiritual qualities, so in the second he ignores the vital and permanent physiological and constitutional characteristics of race. Between the two he nearly cuts out man altogether, both body and soul, and gives us a philosophy of history with the part of humanity omitted. He developes a scheme of human life that is wholly ignorant of human emotions and volitions, and in which mountains, potatoes, the East wind, and a passionless, note-making intellect are the grand formative potencies.

Having established, first, that in the externalities of things there is universal law, and having, secondly, developed what are the physical laws, Mr. Buckle is prepared for the more interesting question of mental laws, which is the subject of the third, fourth, and fifth chapters, the most important portions of his book.

He begins with denouncing metaphysics of all sorts, disdaining to display his usual erudition on the subject, and declaring that there is no study which 'has been so zealously prosecuted, so long continued, and yet remains so barren of results.' Morals are next treated, and, though he does not quite denounce them, he declares them to be of no importance with respect to the advancement of civilisation. They are matters of instinct, the same in all ages, admit neither of progress nor of retrogression, and being changeless themselves, can have no influence in effecting the changes of history. He next undertakes to disabuse his readers of the prevalent illusion that religion, literature, or government, exerts any influence on civilisation or human progress. He proclaims them to be effects, and not causes, of the general character of any age; and, in default of evidence, he becomes dogmatic, and affirms that 'it is evident' that they are so. 'The only use of books,' he says, 'is to serve as a storehouse in which the treasures of the intellect are safely kept, and where they may be conveniently found. Literature in itself is but a trifling matter; and is merely valuable as being the armory in which the weapons of the human mind are laid up.' In many passages he shows that the only books which he values or would tolerate, are books which nobody reads except as one reads a ledger, books of positive science, of statistical facts—such as Charles Lamb described as 'books that are no books.' Poetry and the fictions of romance would fall into his statistical table either under the head of superstitions or of the absurdities of literature. He says nothing about art, but art being a species of poetry, would of course share the general contempt of poetry. Superstitions are his special horror; he reckons them, as he does everything else, by number; refuses to note any difference of moral significance in them, and seems to regard it as indifferent whether a person believes in the sublimest mythical symbol, or in the cock-lane ghost, since they would each count one superstition.

Mr. Buckle thus successively excludes from the number of things which influence civilisation and progress, metaphysical ideas, moral convictions, religious conceptions, poetical fictions, literary graces, and governmental institutions. All of these are to be exempted from his potent principle of knowledge, which, thus reduced, means only passionless positive science, the mere raw material of the intellect. The knowledge of facts, without the slightest reference to imaginative systems, to artistic creations, to human instincts and aspirations of any kind, alone works the destiny of the race.

It is difficult to grasp this conception in the entirety and boundlessness with which Mr. Buckle means it, if he means anything, in his first five chapters. In excluding religion he of course intends to exclude all intellectual views of religion, for a person with no intellect is simply a stark fool and 'clean daft,' and would have no religion. Every religion is an intellectual system, absurd or otherwise, but certainly intellectual; and Mr. Buckle therefore banishes from his scheme all intellectual ideas and labors on the subject of religion, as having no influence on civilisation. The same will be true of morals, government, and poetry—that all exercises of the intellect in such directions are merely ornamental and not useful, and do not enter as factors into the problem of life.

In a word, he excludes ideas in whatever department, and substitutes facts. In becoming the apostle of intellect, he thus effectually betrays its highest powers and interests, for it is only the lower powers of the mind which deal with facts and items, and the higher which delight in ideas and abstractions.

This extreme material positivism is the fundamental characteristic of Mr. Buckle's philosophy. It is developed in a mammoth volume, with a vigor of thought, a wealth of erudition, and a power of fine writing, which are sure to bewilder and likely to horrify all appreciative readers. Against it, however, the following suggestions may be ventured:

It is very likely to be a merely arbitrary process to attempt to determine from the facts of history what was the leading force in the production of those facts. The reason is that all the best characteristics are developed and flourish together; science, literature, art, government, and religion, usually rise and fall in a group, attaining in every age to not far from the same comparative degrees of excellence. At least no one of them is uniformly and palpably in advance of the others as if it were the leader, or behind the others as if it were subordinate. Thus for example, in the decline of ancient Rome, the national faith, the public morals, the literature, the government, and perhaps also the intelligence of the people and the science of the learned, had all become degenerate in the second century. To all appearance the faith and the knowledge of the Romans tottered at the same moment; their character had become demoralised not in one respect only but in all respects. So in the age of Leo X. literature, art, religion, and science, were all revived. If the revival of letters slightly preceded the formal outbreak of the religious reformation, it should be noticed that religious motives always operate in silence long before they appear historically. When several elements thus uniformly move in a cluster, is it not rather dogmatic than philosophical on the part of Mr. Buckle to affirm that one of them, namely, science, is the sole and perpetual cause of their movements? In the conflicting claims of his bleak and disenchanted knowledge and of all the passionate and instinctive products of the soul, he should at farthest only adopt some formula similar to that of the comic poet about motion and rest:

> Eternal is motion;
> Eternal is rest:
> Which started the foremost,
> Will never be guessed.

The trouble here, as throughout Mr. Buckle's system, is in his method. Ideas should be weighed in the mind, and not counted on the fingers. In ignoring the realm of metaphysics, and in seeking to evolve great principles from statistical items, his processes are not only backhanded and awkward, but utterly inefficient. He who weighs the abstract powers of the soul, will find the predominance of taste, and conscience, and reverence; he who looks at history with the sagacity natural to a man, will find that faith in ideas which were not understood, a shadowy insight into principles which could not be grasped and known, have been the impelling forces in every great age. But he who refuses to see any facts in the universe or elements in history, except such as are visible to the eye, and palpable to the touch, and convenient to statistical tables, will of course find nothing but material circumstances, will be able to conceive of nothing spiritual but a knowledge of such circumstances, and is therefore hardly to be blamed for ignoring ethics, metaphysics, and religion, since by the very nature of his method they are excluded from his range of vision. Mr. Buckle hides his head in the last returns of the census, and thinks that the ideas and institutions which mankind has always deemed greatest, are extinguished, merely because he don't see them. The ostrich pursued by hunters, is said to do something very similar.

The attempt to solve the highest problem by purely exoteric observation, is absurd, and must be somewhat arbitrary; yet, even by this method, and regarding only the outward signs of history, there are stronger and clearer reasons for making civilisation rest on religion, than on knowledge. The one constant element which lives through a civilisation, and goes out with it, is its religion. Thus, the Greek mythology was the religion of the ancient classical nations, from the time of Homer till after the reign of the Antonines. The scientific ideas of those nations were transformed time after time during this period: but this mythology was able to give a common quality to nations so unlike as the Greeks and the Romans, and left an impress, a spirit of harmony and repose, upon the classical poetry and sculptures, which we recognise not only as foreign to our own age, but as necessarily and essentially foreign to every Christian age. We could not, if we would, worship the Olympian Gods in an acceptable manner in the nineteenth century. It is said that Winckelmann walked and pondered amid the ruins of Rome and Athens, contemplating only antique art and literature, until at length he forgot the modern world, and thought and worshipped only as a Greek. If this be so, his was perhaps a solitary case. The philosophic historian finds the best lesson left by the classical nations, to be the peculiar type of human character which flourished under their civilisation, and created the events of their history—a type of character, which seems to have sprung from their ancient mythology, marked by a happy union and balance of the higher and lower faculties, of the sensual and spiritual life, and by consequent mental and physical harmony. This unity of type prevails beneath the Greek delight in freedom and art, and the Roman aptitude for system and politics. It should be noticed that their mythology, like all religions, was so penetrating a principle that it impressed its character alike upon believers and freethinkers; upon Homer and Socrates; and a man could no more throw off the formative sway of the Olympian divinities, than he could cease to be a Greek. So in the Christian countries of the nineteenth century, no man can avoid being a Christian. He can no more be anything else, than he could commit any other anachronism. How can Mr. Buckle find the root of this essential character of the classical civilisation in the scientific knowledge that was then prevalent? Very few positive sciences, comparatively, then existed, and those few consisted chiefly of errors; the notions of geography and astronomy were revolutionised in almost every century; and the number of exact truths of science at that time known among men would make the very shortest table in Mr. Buckle's collection of statistics. Between their science so poor, and their civilisation so splendid, surely no one but a desperate theorist would attempt to discover the relation of cause and effect. On the contrary, their mythology preceded and prefigured their civilisation, inspired alike their patriotism, their literature, and their art, held the nations up to greatness as long as they believed in it, and when it ceased to be the popular faith, the civilisation to which it had given birth passed from the face of the earth.

This is but one of several historical illustrations, which might be presented, that the fundamental and characteristic force in the production of a civilisation is religion. Everything else, as literature, art, and government, plays subordinate and conjoctive parts, and it is a minor rôle in the grand cast which is assigned to bald-headed science.

Indeed, it is remarkable how little scientific truth there has ever been in the world, and how little the world seems to depend on it. With the exception of geometry, the Greek physical sciences were hardly more than a bundle of errors; yet the idea of the cosmos, or beautiful order of the universe, was then developed, and no better result can be furnished even by perfected science. The first law of motion was established in the sixteenth century, but no one has ever attributed to the discovery of that law any improvement in the motion either of men or systems. Near the beginning of this century, four little planets were descried in the wide space between the orbits of Mars and Jupiter. Their number has since been increased to three half-a-hundred. Could Mr. Buckle state fifty new advantages in life that we are to derive from these fifty indubitable new facts? Newton introduced the theory of gravitation, which for two centuries has been received as the sublimest theory in science. But a recent writer of authority in the Mémoires de l'Académie des Sciences has undertaken to prove that there is no such principle or power as gravitation, and that the Newtonian system is an immense hoax. The doctrine of the plenum drove out that of the vacuum; the doctrine of vortices drove out that of the plenum; the doctrine of gravitation drove out that of vortices; and now a new doctrine threatens to drive out that of gravitation. This is a specimen of what is called scientific truth as it has in general existed historically, not in astronomy alone, but in all departments. It consists of what are supposed to be great discoveries, which after a time are proved to be fictions. If history rested only on such knowledge, it might well be considered that 'uninterrupted succession of human disasters,' which Louis Blanc terms it.

But, moreover, as far as appears, this knowledge has exerted little or no influence on the course of events, even while it lasted. Hardly any other human attainments have played so small a part among men as scientific truths. We meet with no one of them in the conflicts of great principles which underlie the movements of history. No age, no nation, no continent, no civilisation, has ever received its impress and character from truths of science, from dogmas of statistics. It is passionate beliefs, groping instincts, extravagant ideals, magnificent errors, that have ruled mankind at every step. The whole constitution of human life is romantic and not scientific. Reason is not only slower but infinitely less wise than the normal and headlong second-sight of intuition. It takes it the whole length of a civilisation to reach the same results which religion and poetry foreshadowed in the beginning. Only at the close of the demonstration is the occult logic of ages reduced to a syllogism. From the appearances of nature and the promptings of the soul and the circumstances of life, we create splendid illusions—and these illusions are the most powerful things that we meet with in history. They reappear in new forms, and will not die. Such was the Hebrew illusion of a national and conquering Messiah, which, in a transfigured meaning, is still the type under which we conceive the ultimate triumph of righteousness; the Greek illusion of a synod of humane, yet preter-human divinities, on Mt. Olympus, which has always been to the scholar and artist an inspiration of peculiar beauty; the Roman illusion, that Rome and her empire were eternal, which has furnished to every subsequent age the loftiest and most potent conception of government; the mediæval and Catholic illusion that the Virgin Mother sits in Heaven by the side of her Son, and intercedes for those that implore her aid—an illusion that has done more to raise woman to her present estate than anything else except the illusion of chivalry, that to slay a dragon in order to enjoy a lady's love, was the loyal duty of every knight. Our own age, which is Mr. Buckle's model, is disenchanted of these powerful ideas and charming superstitions of our fathers. Positive science and the tyranny of material interests have banished all illusions, unless possibly our attempt to rear democratic levelness into high civilisation shall ultimately prove to be such. This notion of popular freedom and responsibility, prompted by the instincts of liberty, is perhaps our only great idea. Our scholars are statistical and unæsthetical, and our people delight in the rhodomontade of newspapers, full of facts, and in innumerable stories of real life, such as would have expelled the writers from any congregation of rustics three hundred years ago, unless they could tell better ones by word of mouth. It is at a time when there is more intellectual activity and less intellectual fidelity, more mental bustle and less worthy thought, than there ever was before, that Mr. Buckle has come forward as the preacher-flatterer of the age, urging it to go on in rooting out all the fruitful fictions of the heart, and in substituting the sterile falsehoods of premature science.

Yet it would require less recklessness than Mr. Buckle displays in every chapter, to denounce knowledge as totally as he has denounced almost everything else. Indeed, the course of history seems to show that no other thing has been so fatal to civilization as high and wide-spread attainments of knowledge. The story of the tree of knowledge has been as true in every age of the world as it was at the beginning. Using the symbolism of the Hindoos for comparison, the instincts of religion and poetry may be likened to Brahma the Creator, the institutes of Church and State to Vishnu the Preserver, and the disenchanting wand of knowledge to Siva the Destroyer. Thus religion stands at the beginning of every civilisation, and science at the end; and science, with the immense material improvements which it furnishes, destroys the whole fabric which religion had built up, and introduces a new barbarism. It destroys, by substituting material for moral greatness. History offers abundant illustrations. Thus Rawlinson, one of the highest living authorities, in his account of the ancient Assyrian civilisation, says: "They were toward the close of their empire, in all the arts and appliances of life, very nearly on a par with ourselves; and thus their history furnishes a warning, which the record of nations constantly repeats, that the greatest material prosperity may coëxist with the decline, and herald the downfall of a kingdom." Thus in many, perhaps in all instances, those ages which Mr. Buckle would esteem the great historical ages, have only been premonitions of immediate destruction. Just as soon as men have begun to understand the principles on which they were acting, that moment governments, religions, and civilisations, have always failed. They are spoiled, as a novel is spoiled, by having the plot told in advance. Man can make progress only under the sway of great hallucinations. And, indeed, for him to attempt to understand anything perfectly in this infinite universe, which was built only for his moral, and poetical, and philosophical mystification, is absurd on the face of it. God blots out the man or the age that impiously attempts to enter His own sacred realm of pure science.

Thus knowledge is a thing eminently to be avoided. Ideas, and beliefs, and arts, are the operative and beneficent elements of history. Let them be splendid, and instinctive, and humane, and their scientific and truthful character will look out for itself. And the conclusions of ultimate and divine science will doubtless show that the rich superstitions of ages have all been scientific; that the only absolutely unscientific thing is any hard-hearted system, which clings severely to the letter of the bond of positive knowledge; that we have all along, most of us, been acting on scientific principles, in running by faith instead of creeping by sight; and that the most unscientific man in the present century is Mr. Buckle, who would transform the book of life from a romance to a table of statistics.

[For The New York Saturday Press.]

EYES OF BROWN AND BLUE.

BY E. M. ALLEN.

I.

Out of the room and into the gloom
Died the music in tremulous sighs,
Fled from the room and melted in gloom
Were the murmurous tones of low replies,
The beaming looks of pleased surprise,
The laughing lips and cheeks in bloom,
The many whirl of fair forms there,
And measured beat of festive feet,
And flash of white arms bare;
All had faded and melted in gloom,
All were gone for the revel was through,
Still it seemed my rapturous doom,
To be haunted by eyes of brown and blue.

II.

Blue of the sky that sparkles on high,
And expands o'er the meadows of May,
Blue of the sky that canopies high,
The daisied mead and blossoming spray;
Brown of the brook, the Autumn brook,
Upon whose face the sere leaves look,
Autumn brook with a waveless flow,
And scimitar flash of fins a-glow,
And golden dash of sands below;
Such were the eyes of brown and blue,
That haunted me when the revel was through.

III.

By the ghastly glare of the street-light's stare,
That tinted my room with a ghostly gray,
By the palorous glare in my chamber there,
Still haunted by eyes I drowsily lay
Awaiting the barque that would bear me away,
The dream-manned shallop of Sleep,
That would bear me over the fathomless deep,
With pinions light and a noiseless flight,
To the land where hopes the brightest are born,
Across the mystical ocean of Night,
To the odorous realm of Morn.

IV.

Soon I arose on a slumberous swell,
That lightly arose and laughingly fell,
I seemed to float in a rudderless boat,
In glimmering view of a glittering shore
Where the billows broke with a rythmical roar;
With a silvery flash and a musical plash,
Forever to float by a verdurous shore,
Verdurous shore with a breath of balm
And a wealth of flowers and waving palm,
Beneath whose shade I saw the hue,
Of eyes of brown and melting blue.

V.

When Morning came, and her ruddy flame
Flashed on my curtain's trembling white,
When Morning came with her rosy flame,
And shivered within her lances of light,
I calmly arose from my couch of repose,
And dreamily gazed on the awakening sun;
I musingly thought of the revel and dream,
And wondered if the revel and dream were one,
If the eyes were a myth and did only seem,
The eyes of brown and melting blue,
That haunted me thus the brief night through.

VI.

A myth? Ah, no! for ere the glow
Of day again had shimmered and gone,
In clearest of truth I looked upon
Those orbs of azure and shadowy fawn.
O! eyes of blue of Heaven's own hue,
Retain forever your sparkling grace;
O! eyes of blue may never the dew
Fall from your depths on a sorrowing face:
And, liquid brown of the Autumn brook,
May a peaceful soul through your crystals look,
And clearly reflect for many a year,
All well-loved forms and faces dear;
And this, O! eyes of brown and blue,
Is all the revenge I crave on you,
For witching my slumbers the whole night through.

[For The New York Saturday Press.]

THE NEPHEW OF HIS UNCLE.

If greatness be measured by success, then is Louis Napoleon, in the largest acceptation of the term, the greatest man now living. He holds in his hand the fortunes of kings and kingdoms. In a few short years he has made himself the arbiter of the destinies of Europe. Since the days of his uncle, no man has risen so suddenly from a comparatively obscure position, to the heights of human greatness; and he has the proud satisfaction of feeling that he owes his crown entirely to his own energy, talent, and astuteness.

While residing in England, Louis Napoleon's social position was not a good one. He never went generally into what is called "society." He frequented that set of which Lady Blessington was queen, and Count Alfred d'Orsay the oracle; certainly a most pleasant set, but rather too fast for the mothers and daughters of the aristocracy of England. At that time he gave no token of his future greatness. Fond of play, much of his time was passed at a certain club house in the vicinity of Regent street, where the principal and almost only amusement is cards. After Park hours, his face was always to be seen in that well-known window; in the evening his place at the card table was rarely vacant. During those days Napoleon was not overburthened with means, and it is a well-known fact among his quondam associates that the present Emperor of France has often been sadly in want of five pounds.

After the Strasbourg and Boulogne affairs, Louis Napoleon was generally looked upon as little better than a madman; and those few who discerned in him talents above mediocrity, thought them more than counterbalanced by his wild and ambitious dreams of empire and dominion. They little knew the man.

On the 2nd of December, 1852, the world was startled by the news of the celebrated coup d'etat, as it flashed over the telegraph wires, sending a thrill through all the cabinets of Europe. A new light had risen; another page was added to that wonderful romance, the history of France. The country of Richelieu and Mazarin, under the auspices of the greatest of modern diplomats, was about once again to seize upon the sceptre of European supremacy. Well might the cabinets of St. Petersburg, Vienna, and Berlin, feel cause for just alarm. Another Cæsar stood at the head of the legions of the most warlike nation in the world.

With giant strides, he proceeds steadily onward in his career. The mantle of his uncle falls gracefully on his shoulders; and in the person of Napoleon III. the French Empire, with all its glorious traditions, is again revived. Europe feels uneasy; she mistrusts the policy of the new Emperor. France stands alone in the comity of nations: her chosen ruler, the elected of millions, is coldly congratulated—in some cases not even recognised—by those sovereigns who pretend to reign by the grace of God and divine right.

But soon everything is changed.

In his famous speech at Bordeaux, the Emperor proclaimed to France and the world: "L'Empire c'est la paix" (the Empire is peace).

With an astuteness and diplomacy which has rarely been equalled in European politics, he succeeds in what his uncle could never accomplish: he concludes an intimate alliance with England, detaching her from her hereditary Continental allies.

To consolidate this alliance—to humiliate Russia, and prevent her from aggrandizing herself at the expense of the "Sick Man"—to rehabilitate the glories of the French, and call off their attention from domestic affairs—the Russian war is undertaken.

And here let us pause a moment, to glance at a masterly stroke of financial policy which originated in the scheming brain of the French Emperor. Rejecting the usual mode of contracting government loans through the mediation of the great capitalists of Europe, Napoleon appeals directly to his people—fixing the minimum of a contribution to the national loan at so modest a sum that the smallest farmer or tradesman may offer his mite, and inscribe his name on the Grand Livre as a creditor of France. The people respond with enthusiasm; crowds rush to the appointed officers, and exchange their hoards and savings for government scrip; the amount asked is quickly made up, hundreds of millions of francs are obliged to be refused. Mark the result.

Every man becomes necessarily to the extent of his investment a firm friend of the present order of things in France, or, in other words, a staunch supporter of Napoleon's throne and rule; any change would of course tend to lessen the value of his scrip. Was ever anything more ingenious? You borrow a man's money, and he becomes devoted to you forever after.

Whatever of glory, of power, of success, was achieved in the Crimean campaign, has been gained by the French nation; she alone wears the laurels. In discipline, endurance, and military science, the French proved themselves far superior to their brethren in arms. France increased her prestige to an immense extent. Napoleon now wielded a power second to none other in Europe, but he is not contented. Constantly scheming to emulate his uncle, whom he excels in the council, if not in the field, he has but one idea, the greatness and aggrandizement of France.

Austrian and French interests clash in Italy. A few words addressed by Napoleon to the Austrian Ambassador, on the occasion of a New-Year's reception at the Tuileries, create alarm all over Europe. As the ominous words are flashed over the electric wires, stock values decline enormously at all the commercial centres. Millions of stirling are annihilated in a moment. War is imminent, unavoidable. And all this is done by a few words from the mouth of a man who but a little while back could not have borrowed one hundred pounds.

The brilliant feats of arms of the French on the plains of Italy, that classic soil hallowed to them by the remembrance of the glorious campaign of the first Napoleon, are too recent in our memories to be forgotten. At Solferino the armies of France and Austria found themselves once more face to face; could the issue be doubtful? The double-headed eagle fights heavily with talons and beak, but as of yore she finally succumbs to the victorious legions of France.

At Villafranca, Napoleon at the moment flushed with victory, and eager to be led on to conquest, stops suddenly in his glorious career, and magnanimously offers peace to the youthful Francis Joseph. Who shall say what passed at that solemn conference between the two Emperors—one of whom, young and inexperienced, born to the throne, was no match for that bold and daring man, who, single-handed and alone, had placed the Imperial Crown on his head in spite of powerful enemies at home, and in the face of the threatening aspect of murmuring Europe.

But Napoleon's apparent generosity was prompted by a wise and far-seeing policy. In the distant North, murmurs of disapprobation arose. Russia and Prussia had shown that they could not view with indifference a war which might shortly plant the French standard on the walls of Vienna. Recollections of 1805-6, and universal French domination, floated alarmingly before the minds of the diplomats of Northern and Central Europe. A silent pressure was brought to bear upon the schemes of the victorious Napoleon.

With an eagle-glance he surveys his position. The fruit is not yet ripe; gracefully and quietly he bides his time. The preliminaries of Villafranca are signed. Austria, humiliated and bankrupt, is stripped of one of her finest provinces—again she bows low before the French tricolor. Napoleon's influence predominates in the Italian peninsula. To him all eyes are turned; the exiled dukes, the Italian patriots, and Victor Emanuel, acknowledge by their prayers or their official acts, that their destinies are in the hands of this powerful man.

Peace reigns in Europe. Napoleon so wills it. But his restless ambition is forever working. Savoy is to be peaceably annexed to France. The map of Europe is again to be altered. Who will take up the glove which is thus boldly thrown in the face of the representatives of the treaties of Vienna, by the illustrious descendant of the great Corsican. Not one! Austria has already signified her indifference to the proposed change. Russia remains silent. England has been won by a treaty of commerce, more liberal, more enlightened than her most sanguine statesmen had ever dreamed of. The Anglo-French alliance will be cemented by ties of interest, which time can only tend to strengthen.

Prussia, however, must view with jealousy a line of policy well calculated to arouse serious alarm concerning her Rhenish provinces. Should France again claim the Rhine as her boundary on the East, Prussia would be the sufferer. But Prussia stands alone in her probable antagonism to Napoleon's openly-avowed plans concerning Savoy—she cannot and will not act.

Should the proposed European Congress assemble, it will only be to ratify the acts of Louis Napoleon; we may take it for certain that if he has not beforehand assured himself of a controlling influence in this council of nations, he will never summon it into existence.

If we look at the results of the domestic policy of the French Emperor, we will find that the material progress of France has never been greater than during his reign. Literature, the arts and sciences, fostered by his care, commerce, manufactures, and agriculture, encouraged by wise and liberal provisions, prosperity which reigns throughout his dominions from the Mediterranean to the British Channel, all speak of his energy and wisdom in developing the resources of the nation. In an incredibly short space of time he has built up a steam navy equal if not superior to that of England. Under his hands Cherbourg has become a perfect Gibraltar. Mr. Brunel pronounced these works the grandest conception in the way of military engineering, that the human brain has yet conceived and carried out to completion. They are a constant menace to his faithful ally, 'La perfide Albion.'

Paris during the same time has been enlarged, improved, and embellished; large magnificent streets have been cut through the old quarters of the town, new squares laid out, the palace of the Louvre finished, the Bois de Boulogne, a forest grown up on the spot where the allied armies camped in 1815, has been changed as if by magic, into the most enchanting

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—The Publishers of the *Christian Advocate* offer a prize of $50, for the best original tract of eight pages, on the duty of giving money for Missionary purposes. What a chance for the 'Youths!'

—*Harper's Weekly* will commence in its next number a new serial story, entitled: "Captain Brand, of the Schooner 'Centipede,' a Pirate of Eminence in the West Indies; his Loves and Exploits, together with some account of the singular manner by which he departed this life. By Lieutenant Henry Wise, U.S.N. Illustrated by C. Parsons and A. Lumley.

—The original manuscript 'Letters of Junius,' so far as they have been preserved in the Woodfall family, have recently been offered to the British Government by Mr. H. D. Woodfall for £500.

natural park in the world, diversified and enlivened by lakes, rivers, and cascades. To what concerning the greatness, prosperity, and happiness of the people, has not this great man turned his attention? And yet who can say how soon he may fall by the hand of an assassin, or be hurled from his throne by an infuriated populace? The French, and more especially the Parisians, having a passion for making history.

Since the death of Louis XV, in 1774, no ruler of France has been born and died with the sceptre in his hand. Louis the XVIII is the only one who died on the throne, after passing the greater portion of his life in exile. The others perished miserably by violence, or languished in a stranger land.

Will Napoleon III form an exception to this singular rule? Will his infant son ever wear the crown his father has so boldly won? Let us not indulge in idle conjectures. Who shall lift the veil from the future? Who can tell what a day may bring forth? All we may say, is that the destinies of France are in the hands of her Emperor, and should he fall by violence, the shock will shake the fabric of European civilization to its very centre. None can take his place.

ENVELOPE.

The Saturday Press Book-List.

For the week ending March 31, 1860.

Of course no reader and no critic can ever get to the bottom of the pile of New Books. Perhaps Mr. Clapp, in his pungent SATURDAY PRESS, does most wisely by merely mentioning them in attractive print. The title of a new book, printed in comely type, is a very valuable notice.—HARPER'S WEEKLY, Nov. 12, 1859.

NEW BOOKS.

AMERICAN.

RELIGIOUS.

The Religion of Science; or, the Art of Actualizing Liberty, and of perfecting and sufficiently prolonging Happiness. Being a practical answer to the Great Question, "If you take away my religion, what will you give me in its stead?" New York: C. Blanchard.

HISTORICAL.

A New and Complete History and Description of Maine. In 1 vol. 4me, royal octavo, 400 pages. By A. J. Coolidge and J. B. Mansfield. Boston: J. B. Mansfield.

The History of Cape Cod. The Annals of Barnstable County and of its several Towns, including the District of Marshpee. In 2 vols. By Frederick Freeman. Vol. 1, 1860. pp. 804, with portraits and an index of ten pages. Boston: Rand & Avery.

The War in Nicaragua. Written by Gen. William Walker. With a colored Map of Nicaragua. 12mo. pp. 431. Mobile: S. H. Goetzel & Co., and at 82 Warren st., New York.

LEGAL.

The Most Material Parts of Kent's Commentaries. Reduced to Questions and Answers. By John C. Devereux, Counsellor at Law. 8vo. pp. 418. $3.50. New York: Lewis & Blood.

Commentaries on the Law of Bills of Exchange, Foreign and Inland, as administered in England and America, with occasional Illustrations from the Commercial Law of the Nations of Continental Europe. By Hon. Joseph Story. Fourth edition, and Revised, Corrected, and Enlarged. By Edmund H. Bennett, Esq. 8vo. $5.50. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.

A Treatise on the American Law of Landlord and Tenant, embracing the Statutory Provisions and Judicial Decisions of the several United States in reference thereto, with a selection of Precedents. By John N. Taylor, Esq. Third edition, revised and much enlarged. 8vo. $5. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.

A Treatise on the Medical Jurisprudence of Insanity. By Dr. Isaac Ray. Fourth edition, revised and much enlarged. 8vo. $3. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.

NOVELS.

Wooing and Warring in the Wilderness. By Charles D. Kirk (Se De Kay). 12mo. pp. 288. New York: Derby & Jackson.

Walter Ashwood. A Love Story. By Paul Siegvolk. Author of Schediasms. 1 vol. 12mo. On tinted paper. $1. New York: Rudd & Carleton.

Cathara Clyde. A Novel. 1 volume. 12mo. pp. 378. $1. New York: C. Scribner.

MEDICAL.

The Patient's and Physician's Aid; or, How to Preserve Health. What to do in sudden attacks, or until the doctor comes; and how best to profit by his directions when given. By E. M. Hunt, A.M., M.D., author of Physician's Counsels, etc. 12mo. pp. 365. New York: C. M. Saxton, Barker & Co.

MISCELLANEOUS.

College Song Book: a collection of American College Songs, with Pianoforte Accompaniment. Compiled and arranged by C. Wistar Stevens. 8vo. Blue muslin. $1. Boston: Russell & Tolman.

Food for Babes; or, Artificial Human Milk, and the manner of preparing it and administering it to young Children. By Wm. Henry Cumming, M.D. 18mo. pp. 100. New York: A. D. F. Randolph.

[illegible] the History and Laws of Creation. By Hudson Tuttle. With an appendix by Datus Kelley. Boston: Berry, Colby & Co. New York: S. T. Munson.

Popular Sovereignty and Democracy vs. Republicanism.—The Debates held in Illinois between Abram Lincoln and Stephen A. Douglas. Complete in 1 volume. 8vo. pp. 288. Columbus, Ohio: Follett, Foster & Co.

Cæcilia: a collection of vocal music, for Seminaries, Institutes, etc. Including a Series of Practical Lessons in Vocal Training and Musical Notation. By Sigismund Lasar, instructor of Music at Rutgers Female Institute, Van Norman Institute, Miss Haines' Young Ladies' School, Ferris Institute, New York Institute for the Blind, etc. 62½ cents. New York: Mason Brothers.

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The Diseases of the Ear: Their Nature, Pathology, and Treatment. By Joseph Toynbee, F.R.S. With one hundred engravings on wood. In 1 very handsome octavo volume of 488 pages. Philadelphia: Blanchard & Lea.

POETRY.

Napoleon III and other Poems. By Mrs. E. B. Browning. New York: C. S. Francis & Co.

NOVELS.

Tyney Hall. By Thomas Hood. Boston: J. E. Tilton & Co.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A Knowledge of Living Things. With the Laws of their Existence. By A. N. Bell, A.M., M.D. Late P. A. Surgeon, U. S. Navy. Physician to Brooklyn City Hospital. 12mo. pp. 318. London: H. Bailliere. New York: Bailliere Bros.

The Stars and the Angels. 12mo. $1.25. Philadelphia: W. S. & A. Martien.

ENGLISH.

RELIGIOUS.

The Beast and His Image; or, the Coming Crisis. 2s. 6d. London: Saunders & Otley.

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The History of the Unreformed Parliament and its Lessons. By Walter Bagehot. London: Chapman & Hall.

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Cure of the Sick: Not Homœopathy, not Allopathy, but Judgment. By John Spurgin, M.D., F.R.C.P. Senior Physician to the Foundling Hospital. 2s. London: John Churchill.

NOVELS.

Woman's Temptation. Edited by the Hon. Mrs. Ralph Dutton. 3 volumes. London: Hurst & Blackett.

The Exile's Daughter: a Story of the Italian War. By S. W. Fullom, author of The Great Highway, The Marvels of Science, The Human Mind, etc. Post 8vo. 5s. With Illustrations on Steel by George Cruikshank. London: Charles J. Skeet.

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William the Conqueror. By Sir Charles Napier. Edited by Sir William Napier. Post 8vo. 5s. London: Routledge.

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Mr. J. Payne Collier's Reply to Mr. N. E. S. A. Hamilton's Inquiry into the Shakespeare Forgeries. 8vo. London: Bell & Daldy.

Mr. Isaac Taylor's Ultimate Civilization. Fcap. 8vo. 6s. London: Bell & Daldy.

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Speeches of the Managers and Counsel in the Trial of Warren Hastings. Edited by E. A. Bond, Assistant keeper of the MSS. in the British Museum. Printed for H. M.'s Stationery Office, and published by authority of the Lords Commissioners of H. M.'s Treasury. Completed in 4 vols. Vols. I. and II., in 8vo. £1 each. London: Longman.

Religious Service in Theatres. A Speech delivered by the Earl of Shaftesbury in the House of Lords on Friday, Feb. 24th. Corrected by himself, with a Preface. London: Chapman & Hall.

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NEW PUBLICATIONS

Received at the Office of The Saturday Press.

For the week ending Saturday, March 31, 1860.

The Most Material Parts of Kent's Commentaries, Reduced to Questions and Answers. By John C. Devereux, Counsellor at Law. 8vo. pp. 418. New York: Lewis & Blood. 1860.

The War in Nicaragua. Written by Gen. William Walker. With a colored Map of Nicaragua. 12mo. pp. 431. Mobile: S. H. Goetzel & Co. 1860. For sale at 82 Warren st., New York.

The State of the Country. Speech of William H. Seward in the United States Senate, Feb. 29, 1860. 8vo, stitched. pp. 27. New York: W. C. Bryant & Co. 1860.

The Patient's and Physician's Aid; or, How to Preserve Health. What to do in sudden attacks or until the doctor comes; and how best to profit by his directions when given. By E. M. Hunt, A. M., M.D., author of Physician's Counsels, etc. 12mo. pp. 365. New York: C. M. Saxton, Barker & Co. 1860.

A Knowledge of Living Things, with the Laws of their Existence. By A. N. Bell, A.M., M.D. Late P. A. Surgeon, U. S. Navy; Physician to Brooklyn City Hospital. 12mo. pp. 318. London: H. Bailliere. New York: Bailliere Brothers. 1860.

The Religion of Science; or, the Art of Actualizing Liberty and of Perfecting and sufficiently prolonging Happiness. Being a Practical Answer to the Great Question: "If you take away my religion, what will you give me in its stead?" 12mo. pp. 187. New York: Calvin Blanchard. 1860.

Wooing and Warring in the Wilderness. By Charles D. Kirk (Se de Kay). 12mo. pp. 288. New York: Derby & Jackson. 1860.

The Gold Fields of St. Domingo; with a Description of the Agricultural, Commercial, and other advantages of Dominica, and containing some account of its climate, seasons, soil, mountains, and its principal cities, rivers, bays, and harbors. By W. S. Courtney, Esq. 12mo. pp. 144. New York: Anson P. Norton. 1860.

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The N. Y. Saturday Press.

HENRY CLAPP, JR., EDITOR.

NEW YORK, MARCH 31, 1860.

AN UNPARALLELED CRIME.

It appears from one of those cheerful documents which are issued at distant and facetious intervals by the Grand Jury of this Commonwealth, that two singularly audacious and irrepressible individuals,—named respectively MCINTYRE and TUCKER,—have been solemnly indicted for the high-handed crime of attempting to bribe an Alderman! This is preëminently one of those cases when a man should be presumed to be innocent until he is proven guilty; for the offence is of such a grave and unprecedented nature that no person once convicted of it would ever dare to show his face again in any civilized community. An attempt to bribe a member of Congress, or even a member of the Common Council (though we believe no such attempt has ever been made), might be looked upon with comparative complacency; but an attempt to bribe one of the city's 'gray fathers,' one of a venerable and corpulent body of men who from time immemorial have been proverbially above all suspicion of wrong-doing, is one which cannot be thought of by a well regulated mind without feelings of the greatest horror. The only alleviating fact in respect to such a crime, is the boldness of its conception, combined with the utter impossibility of its execution.

Perhaps on the whole, however, Messrs. McIntyre and Tucker, instead of being indicted as criminals, should have been confined as lunatics or put under guardianship as idiots. For who but a lunatic or an idiot would think of tampering with the honor of that hitherto most immaculate of civic conceptions, an Alderman! The wretched and unhallowed mortal who should undertake such a thing would be capable, after progressing a few more degrees in crime, of impugning the honor of the august and 'single-eyed' dignitary who at this moment (if he is not in Connecticut) fills the sacred chair of the mayoralty itself.

Nevertheless the awful attempt seems actually to have been made. The evidence, unfortunately, is too conclusive. In fact, we have it on the authority of the spotless and indignant Alderman himself, who was so overwhelmed by the shock, that, ever since, the turtle has been a bore, and the grasshopper a burden to him.

We dare not even speculate on the possible results that would have followed, had Messrs. McIntyre and Tucker been successful. Virtue thereafter would have been but a name, and honor a by-word. The event would have been followed by the most frightful series of similar attempts, extending even (we tremble for the Sunday papers when we say it) to the Press itself.

For this, if for no other reason, we suggest that if Messrs. McIntyre and Tucker are found guilty, they should be made to suffer the extremest penalties of the law.

Not,—as we think we have already intimated,—that they had the smallest chance of accomplishing their awful designs, but because the offence is one so near akin to sacrilege, that this first instance of it on record ought to be handed down to eternal infamy.

Finally: up to the present moment the one office to which our ambitious and high-minded citizens have been wont to look forward as the crowning reward of a life of probity and patriotism, has been the office of Alderman. Hence to associate any species of vice with it, even by the way of hypothesis, would be to weaken one of the most powerful incentives to virtue, if not shake the very foundations of society.

And, then, what would become of us all?

A SHAKSPEARIAN NOVELTY.

A very solemn person—whose name is unknown to us, but who is probably a clergyman—some time since compiled and published, in London, a very solemn book, with the following mellifluous title: 'Religious and Moral Sentences Culled from the Works of Shakspeare, compared with Sacred Passages drawn from Holy Writ.' Another solemn person has had this book republished from the English edition, with a somewhat austere and imposing Introduction, quite in keeping with the general character of the work. This person, the American Editor, is known to Fame and to Boston as the Rev. Frederic D. Huntington, D.D., sometime Plummer Professor of Morals in Harvard University, but more recently professor of something else in the Episcopal Church. The book is published in Boston, by Messrs. James Munroe & Co. It is well printed, on finely tinted paper, and it is appropriately bound—at least our own precious copy is—in sky-blue muslin.

We are not usually thrilled and overpowered with delight at the announcement of a new book about Shakspeare. Nor do we, as a rule, rush tumultuously into the stately presence of the imposing bookseller, and with him deposit our precious shillings in purchase of the volume. But we think it would be justifiable to make an exception in this case. For, as a specimen of combined literary and theological lunacy, the book is truly remarkable.

Its design, as set forth by the solemn Compiler, is twofold. It proposes to prove first, that Shakspeare was not a Roman Catholic; secondly, that he was 'a true and worthy member of the Reformed Church of England.' These are grand and solemn facts; and—as the reader will presently see—their substantiation is undertaken in a style of logic at once curious and comical.

It seems that the naughty Roman Catholics have been doing mischief at Stratford-upon-Avon. It is a great pity those Catholics wont be good and let things alone. Not content with a thousand years of history and the memory of the Spanish Inquisition; with St. Peter, and the Pope and his illustrious toe; with missals, cowls, and confessionals; with their convents full of stolen beauties, and their church-cellars full of deadly weapons; with the virtuous Antonelli and the pious Napoleon, to say nothing of Archbishop Hughes, the new Cathedral, and the Marble Faun;—not content with all these blessings and privileges, the meddling Jesuits have been and gone and done a forgery of Shakspeare's Will, and have put it up, in a gilt frame, in the room where his 'Relicks' are exhibited, at Stratford-upon-Avon. And it is this awful conduct that has stimulated the solemn Compiler to the perpetration of this solemn book.

This is the indictment: 'Upon visiting Stratford-"upon-Avon, the Compiler observed in the room "where 'Shakspeare's Relicks' are exhibited, a large "written paper, in a gilt frame (designedly presented "to the view), termed 'a copy of Shakspeare's Will,' "but drawn up in the *Roman Catholic form*; representing "itself as a faithful copy of the *real Will, deposited at "Doctors' Commons*.

"Having repeatedly seen printed copies of his genuine Will, fraud was immediately apparent; and as it "was manifestly placed there for the purpose of deceiving the world, by the insidious attempt to prove "him a Papist, the Compiler resolved, in justice to "*Shakspeare's memory*—in justice to the Reformed Religion—and in justice to the divinity of Truth,—to "expose the fraudulent design, by proving from "*Shakspeare's own writings*, that he lived and died a "*true Protestant*.

"With this view, the following extracts from *his works* and from the *Scriptures*, have been collected, "and placed together in parallel positions, to show the "close affinity that exists between the sentences there "exhibited, from *his works*, and passages taken from "*Holy Writ*."

People who attempt to 'deceive the world' by hanging up large written papers in gilt frames, are certainly guilty of heinous offence, well deserving the solemn rebuke of a solemn Compiler. Still more heinous is that offence when such large written papers in gilt frames are 'designedly presented to the view.' And truly, when we consider the importance of the point upon which the world is deceived by these large written papers in gilt frames designedly presented to the view, we are ready, without compunctions of any sort, to yield the Roman Catholics to a merited retribution. We cry Tally Ho to the onslaught of the Solemns, and,—notwithstanding our lovely Jenny wears it,—we don't see the 'the scarlet' any more.

For the idea that Shakspeare either was or ever could have been a Roman Catholic is very dreadful to the well regulated mind. Not less dreadful is the idea that he either was or ever could have been anything else than 'a true and worthy member of the Reformed Church of England.' In a literary point of view the establishment of his sectarian attitude is doubtless of great importance. Who can estimate the direful consequences that would inevitably result to 'Lear,' 'Hamlet,' 'Macbeth,' and 'Othello,' should it by any chance appear that Shakspeare was a Baptist? What should we think of 'As You Like It,' and 'Much Ado about Nothing,' and 'The Twelfth Night,' and what especially of 'The Taming of the Shrew,' if always we thought that their author was a Quaker? How, with that solemn thought, could we submit to the enchantment of Rosalind, Beatrice, and Viola—unless by the shameless outrage of our most sacred religious convictions? Could we feast with Sir Toby and Sir Andrew, delight in Maria, or laugh at Touchstone, if all the while we knew that Shakspeare was a base Dissenter? Could we ever more thrill for Mercutio or weep for Juliet, knowing that the great poet was unsound as to baptism and the laying on of hands? Believing that Shakspeare was a Presbyterian, could Prospero awe us with his magical power, or Miranda melt us with her yet more magical sweetness? And if we knew he did not periodically acknowledge that he had done the things he ought not to have done, and left undone the things he ought to have done, could we justly admire Constance, love Ophelia, delight in Imogen, or tremble at the audacious beauty of Lady Macbeth? In short, if we knew Shakspeare ever was or could have been anything else than 'a true and worthy member of the Reformed Church of England,' would it not be our duty as believers and as respectable members of society to ignore him utterly and blot out his memory forever?

But the Solemns have saved us from this dread alternative. They have preserved the great poet immaculate and sectarian.

> "No more, no more, O never more on him
> Shall sorrow light or shame."

They have quenched the Catholics; they have labored 'in justice to the Reformed Religion;' they have conquered 'in justice to the divinity of Truth.' It is a momentous triumph.

But the method by which the Solemns have undertaken to accomplish this vast philanthropy, is as momentous as their philanthropy itself. They have saved the world from the deception of large written papers in gilt frames, and the world,—being an honorable and grateful world,—must acknowledge the skill of its benefactors. For our own part, we subscribe at once and at length.

The fraud business is certainly disposed of in a very summary way. We have, first, a true copy of the Preamble to Shakspeare's Will, extracted from the Registry of the Archbishop of Canterbury, and which, it is said, correctly corresponds with the original last Will and Testament deposited in the Prerogative Office at Doctors' Commons. This Preamble is brief, sensible, and Protestant in tone. Next we have the Roman Catholic version, copied from the 'large written paper in a gilt frame, designedly exposed to the view' at Stratford-upon-Avon. This Preamble is rather complicated and decidedly Catholic. By it the great poet professes his belief in Archangels, Patriarchs, Prophets, Saints, Celestial Courts, Companies of Heaven, Guardian Spirits, and things of that sort, all in a very loose and liberal way. But, as to this question which is a matter of record, we are inclined to think the Solemns have decidedly discomfited the cheerful Jesuits.

But, as records are mutable, and lawyers are not all true and worthy members of the Reformed Church of England, the Solemns hasten to adopt a line of argument which they evidently regard as far more conclusive than anything in the way of records, and totally destructive to 'large written papers in gilt frames designedly exposed to the view.' Knowing, with that celestial insight peculiar to Solemns, that every writer who expresses moral and religious sentiments must necessarily be a moral and religious man, they select a vast number of highly moral and religious sentiments from the various plays of Shakspeare, compare them with passages in the Bible, and then exultingly proclaim the poet—not as you might imagine, a moral and religious man—but 'a true and professed member of the Protestant Church of England.'

This is a style of logic which indicates a rigid ecclesiastical education and a very lucid mind. How good it must feel to be a Solemn!

Perhaps we cannot more felicitously illustrate the charm of this book than by selections from its pages. The following passages, from the plays and from the Bible, are thought by the solemn Compiler to be wonderfully alike. They are of the kind which prove, not only that Shakspeare was familiar with the Holy Scriptures and open to their influence, but also that he was 'a true and worthy member of the Reformed Church of England.' In this view they will possess a peculiar interest and value to the logical mind. Let us premise that the solemn Compiler's quotations are always presented with an accuracy of reference worthy of Dr. Pangloss, LL.D., and A.S.S.

> "O Father Abraham, what these Christians are!"
> —*Merchant of Venice* i. 3.

> "Though Abraham be ignorant of us, Thou O Lord art our Father, our Redeemer."—*Isaiah lxiii.*

We incline to think that this remark of the discourteous Shylock amply proves not only Shakspeare's familiarity with the book of Isaiah, but also his familiarity with the members of the Reformed Church. Here are more:

> "Had it pleased Heaven
> To try me with affliction . . . .
> I should have found in some part of my soul
> A drop of patience."—*Othello* iv. 2.

> "And when we cried unto the Lord God of our fathers, the Lord heard our voice and looked on our affliction, and our labor, and our oppression."

Here, as the astute reader already perceives, the correspondence, both of idea and expression, is very close. But not more wonderful than in the following instances. All these, by the way, furnish irrepressible proof that Shakspeare was an Episcopalian.

> "Her grace rose, and with modest paces,
> Came to the altar: where she kneeled, and, saint-like,
> Cast her fair eyes to heaven and prayed devoutly."
> —*Henry VIII.* iv. 1.

> "He said unto Judah, Ye shall worship before this altar in Jerusalem."—*2 Kings* xviii.

> "That spirit of his
> In aspiration lifts him from the earth."
> —*Troilus and Cressida* iv. 5.

> "Humble yourselves under the mighty hand of God, that He may exalt you in due time."—*1 Peter* v.

> "By the eternal God! whose name and power
> Thou tremblest at, answer that I shall ask."
> —*Henry VI.* [illegible]

> "The Baptism of John, was it from Heaven, or of men? Answer me!"—*Mark* xi.

This last example of correspondence leads us to suspect what we never suspected before, namely, that Shakspeare was a ruthless plagiarist. It hurts our feelings to believe it, but we feel sure that while Shakspeare was writing 'Henry VI.' he left off to read the Gospel according to Mark, and stole that word '*answer*' from the eleventh chapter. And this conviction of ours is fortified by other and still more palpable instances of flagrant plagiarism. Consider the following:

> "But this lies all within the will of God,
> To whom I do appeal."—*Henry V.* i. 2.

> "Yet have thou respect unto the prayer of Thy servant, O Lord my God! to hearken unto the cry and to the prayer which Thy servant prayeth before Thee this day."—*1 Kings* viii.

In this case the words '*to*' and '*the*' have evidently been plundered by Shakspeare, and though the correspondence may afford an iron evidence of his sectarianism, it does not exalt him in our estimation as an honest writer. The man who could steal a preposition could steal a purse. Here is another example:

> "There is a fair young maid that yet wants baptism."
> —*Henry VIII.* v. 2.

> "And a certain woman named Lydia was baptized, and her household."—*Acts* xvi.

Here it is quite evident that Shakspeare believed in baptism, admired Lydia, and admired her all the more because she was baptized. By a beautiful poetic license he reproduces her in fiction as 'a fair young maid;' but why he should put her in the attitude of one who 'yet wants baptism,' is not quite so clear to our apprehension as doubtless it is to that of the solemn Compiler.

On referring to the Introduction, which, as we have said, is from the erratic pen of that truly magnificent Solemn the sometime Plummer Professor of Morals, —we find that he has perceived and striven to avert the suspicion that Shakspeare was a plagiarist. In speaking of the purpose of the book this is his language: "I do not understand the purpose to be to confer honor on the Bible, but to illustrate an element of worth in Shakspeare himself." It is the generous language of defence. It is tender and benevolent, as becomes a Solemn; but it will not avail. Our sense of justice is impervious to temptation; and much as we could desire to esteem the immortal Bard of Avon, we think the solemn Compiler has absolutely convicted him of the petty larceny of prepositions, and we can neither approve nor palliate iniquity.

We perceive also that the solemn Editor is in some slight degree troubled about the logic of the solemn Compiler. He is dimly suspicious that "the attempt to collect and compare, has been pushed too far; that many of the alleged resemblances are fanciful, and many of the apparent correspondences purely accidental." We always regret a difference of opinion among the Solemns. Very much do we regret it in this case. It is certainly worth while for two Solemns to agree—even in an infirmity of logic—when the world is to be rid of a vast and terrible deception—when large written papers in gilt frames are to be rendered powerless forever—when Shakspeare is to be proven 'a true and worthy member of the Reformed Church of England'—and finally, when the public is going to astonish Messrs. James Munroe & Co. by its irrepressible demand for a very solemn book in sky-blue muslin.

We have not space for any more of these convincing evidences of Shakspeare's sectarianism. But we desire to record our appreciation of this remarkable effort of philosophy and logic. We have given our days and nights for the study of these comparisons, just as people in old times used to do for the study of Addison. The result is this tender and enthusiastic notice. We think it is too bad that the world shouldn't know its danger and its deliverance. We have an idea that this book, like many another solemn effort, is lurking in a dim, religious obscurity. Perhaps our recognition may do something to help it out into the sunshine.

FINE ARTS.

The Closing Reception.

The last, and perhaps the most brilliant, of the Artistic Receptions for this season, took place on the evening of Monday last, at the Studio Building, in Tenth street. The exhibition-rooms and private studios of that hive of artistic honey-bees were gorgeous with gas-lights, splendid toilets, and charming pictures, until a late hour; and everybody unanimously agreed that the close of the season was a public loss.

The reception was especially interesting on this occasion, as many of the pictures were painted for the coming annual exhibition of the National Academy of Design; and so far as we can judge from the contributions of the Studio Building, that exhibition will be unusually rich.

One of the most attractive studios was that of Mr. Leutze, who exhibited a large painting, representing an incident in the life of Princess (afterward Queen) Elizabeth of England. Severe attempts were made to convert her to Catholicism, and the moment chosen by the artist is the close of a conference between the young princess and her spiritual tormentors, who are seen leaving the room on one side, while she stands apart, her tearful eyes raised to heaven with an expression of relief and thankfulness for the still unshaken condition of her belief. Between the principal figure and the retreating party is a dark column, against which stands a prie-dieu, surmounted by an image of the Virgin—the separation of the princess from the others by religious symbols being a happy stroke of allegory, and evincing the extreme thoughtfulness with which Mr. Leutze always plans his pictures. This work is still unfinished, but will doubtless be completed in time for the Academy exhibition, of which it will be one of the most valuable ornaments. Mr. Leutze has a small painting—also intended for the Academy, we believe—representing a Revolutionary scene, and called 'The Spy,' which attracted much attention and many encomiums.

Mr. Boughton, whose beautiful Winter-scenes have been so much admired at the receptions, had one only in the exhibition-room—'A Winter Day,' bleak, cold, with a snow-storm coming, and full of the sentiment of Winter. In his studio was a pleasant Summer scene, with still water, and fresh grass, and a group of exquisitely natural birch-trees. This picture is unfinished, and will not probably be done before the Academy opens. We also saw, in this gentleman's studio, the first laying-in of a charming work, called 'The Lost Kite.' A party of boys are standing under a tree, in the branches of which is entangled a new and favorite kite. Although merely sketched in, the faces and attitudes of the urchins are very life-like, and the picture promises great excellence. In the same room was a small sketch by George Lambdin, of Philadelphia, the finished painting of which will be in the Academy. It is a subject from Tennyson—'The Days that are No More'—and is a single female figure, with landscape background, simple, strong, and very fine in color.

William Hart had a number of sketches and pictures in the exhibition-room—coast-scenes, landscapes, etc., of great beauty. One especially, a coast view near Portland, with the sun in a bank of clouds, and the surf, heavy with a recent storm, breaking upon a rocky shore, was exceedingly good, both in subject and treatment. The small sketches showed Mr. Hart to be a master of color in landscape, and were entirely loyal in their fidelity to nature.

Mr. McEntee has produced a singular and beautiful picture, called 'A Winter Night,' from a landscape of fields, broken fences, hedgerows, sheds, and cottages, all partially veiled from sight by a thick, fine snow-storm, which fills the atmosphere. The misty, glimmering effect of falling snow is excellent, and the artist has resorted to no tricks in representing it, everything being honestly painted. Mr. McEntee also had two November woodland scenes, with half-naked trees, and leaf-carpeted earth, over which gloom gray skies, illuminated only by a cold belt of light at the horizon. These three pictures, we understand, will be in the Academy, and will materially contribute to the already great popularity of this artist.

The 'Schloss Rheinstein' of Mr. Gifford, in the exhibition-rooms, and the 'Coming Rain' in his studio, were largely admired, and with justice. The former is one of those splendid old Rhine castles, lit up by the ruddy light of the sinking sun on one side, while the pale moon rises over the river on the other. The second is a White Mountain view, with a Summer rain-storm sweeping up through the mountain gorges, while haymakers are hurrying their hay from a field in the middle-distance. In the foreground is a smooth stream, reflecting the black clouds, with water-lilies lying on its surface. A streak of sunshine, across the middle of the picture, heightens the black shadow of the storm, and gives a strange effect, often seen in nature, but rarely attempted, hitherto, in art. In Mr. Gifford's studio were two other paintings—charming water-views, with cliffs and mountains, warm and poetical, with a golden haze in the sunny atmosphere. The largest of this artist's works was a view of Mount Wilderness, full of tone, light, and sentiment. The form of the mountain is peculiarly fine, and the warm light of an afternoon sun, flooding the middle-distance, brings out the rocky cliffs and wooded slopes with a softened distinctness that shows much thought and skill in drawing. All these pictures will be placed in the Academy.

In one of the small exhibition-rooms, we observed a portrait bust of a lad, by Launt Thompson, which was extremely meritorious. Mr. Thompson is one of the most talented of all our young sculptors, and this work would do credit to many of our old ones. Treated with exquisite delicacy, it still retains all the strength necessary to a likeness, and is full of character and expression.

Mr. Hays, the well-known painter of game and animals, had a large and careful painting, in the exhibition-rooms, of a partridge just taking wing before a setter-dog. The landscape is excellently managed, and all the details of the dog, bird, foreground herbage, etc., manipulated with great conscientiousness.

In the studio of Mr. Gignoux, we saw a large Spring landscape, which we like better than any we have yet seen from that gentleman's pencil—which, by the way, is saying a good deal. The cool, moist feeling of a Spring morning, when

> The lazy sunshine sleeps
> On the rose and snow of the apple trees,

is truthfully given in this painting, and the artist has evidently studied the character of boughs and branches just at the budding period, between the season of nakedness and foliage, with the greatest care. Owing to the delicacy and coolness of the greens in this landscape, it loses much of its effect by gas-light; and we advise our readers, when it is exhibited at the Academy, to examine it by a morning light.

A June meadow, with a lilied stream, flecked in the shallows and eddies by gleams of sunshine, attested the pencil of Mr. Shattuck, who, somehow, seems peculiarly at home when knee-deep in weeds, grasses, flowers, and clover. This Summery-scene has all his best characteristics, and was one of the favorites, as usual, with the ladies, who crowded the exhibition-rooms. In Mr. Shattuck's studio, we saw several fresh and vigorous coast and marine views, brought on from Portland by a Mr. Brown, for the Academy exhibition. Mr. Brown paints very hard rocks and very wet water, and we hope that he may obtain the notice deserved by so rare a being as an American marine-painter.

We did not have time to examine, nor have we space to mention, all the paintings that were worthy of it; but we have endeavored to be just, so far as we have had the opportunity. There were many more pictures we should like to speak of: a large Rocky Mountain view, by Bierstadt; portrait of Longfellow, by Read; three landscapes, by Mignot; a bit of Catskill scenery, by young Moore; mountains and mountain-stream, by Nichols; and a score of others. But everything cannot be said within the bounds of finite column-rules, and those gentlemen must take the will for the word. Suffice it that the season closed in a manner worthy of its progress, and that the system of Artists' Receptions has done much to inaugurate a new era in American Art.

Thoughts and Things.

BY ADA CLARE.

The æsthetics of eating is an art too little cultivated in Anglo-Saxon countries. In France it has already been niched in the temple of fame, and poetry and history have combined to render it ornamental.

In England and America the art of eating is treated entirely in the Pre-Raphaelite school, with an utter scorn of sentiment, and an awful fidelity to nature. The Saxon breast swells with respect for his dinner in proportion as the meat measures for size. His desire is to have the piece large enough to suggest the whole animal of which it was a part. He is never better pleased than when the colossal round of beef before you, can portray to your mind the green-bottle eyes, the impatient tail, the muddy legs, the hideous bulkiness, of the animal whom it went to make up in life.

The Gallic mind on the contrary abhors hugeness in meat; he aims to throw an air of refinement and daintiness over all that comes into the magic domains of victuals. The mind, he holds, must lose sight of the original beast, ere it can truly enjoy eating.

It is a mistake to suppose that dining is a universal acquirement or accomplishment; on the contrary diners, like poets, are born, not made. I do not mean to say that the faculty of dining may not be, with perseverance and in a good school, more or less cultivated; but cultivation can never make a diner in the most majestic sense of that word.

As the poet, the great orator, often springs up in the far wilds of the forest, from parents whose unlettered state vies with the ignorance of the caterpillar, so the genuine diner often sees the light for the first time in some New England town, and is forced by fate to steer the feeble bark of his talent through the treacherous waves of corned pork, of cabbage, and of the fatal pumpkin-pie. These indeed are abominable waters, which have worked the destruction of many an epicurean capacity; in them many a digestion floundered, agonized, and sank down; there many a right mind groping blindly after soupe a la bisque, has been swept down by baked beans, and forever given over to oblivion and the tomb.

Paris is the great Mecca of the gastronome; thither must he travel, to do right homage to Epicurus. When the Parisian sits down to his dinner, he does it in the same manner that he goes to the Opera, that he opens a new novel by George Sand, that he beholds a great painting or statue, or any work of art. His food is a song which he is about to sing. To make it for him a true dinner, he wants a congenial companion; he wants a cheerful light; a tasteful room; a graceful table gracefully served; he wants his meats, vegetables, fish, prepared in the most elegant, the most voluptuous manner, with the special care that the remembrance of the original source be extinguished in the rosy mantle of dainty skill; above all, he wants his food to be baptized in the crimson blood of the grape.

Over here in America they consider it an immorality to take pleasure in eating; any amount of victuals may be gorged with virtue if you only devour them under a protest. Clarets or the amber-hued wines, you may not drink at a clean table and with genial conversation, if you would keep your reputation pure; but the worst brandy may be swallowed on foot with a gloomy countenance, from a soiled and reeking bar, and yo[ur] morality is in no danger of impeachment.

The highly moral American sits down to a solemn dinner just as daylight is becoming blear and ghastly, and just before gas can take the place of the sun. His table is unnecessarily large; it is square; the severe corners seem to jut out with a desire to stab you, and it is so supported that you must meekly resign yourself to sacrifice your own sad legs to the triumphant legs of the table.

Every thing is put sternly upon the board before the awful bell tears through the silence of the house. By the time the family have assembled, the potatoes have resigned themselves to the chill embraces of the ague, the other vegetables have begun to cling to their platters in a manner to infringe on the patent of Spald-

ing's glue, and the beef has grown gigantic white whiskers of gravy. But what of that if the beef is so large that properly hollowed out, it would make a Calvinistic pulpit, and the vegetable-dishes resemble infantile gas-meters; so the family, with lugubrious faces and voices of gloom, fall like so many harpies upon the beef and despatch it with true moral sternness. Wine is not here! Not the harmless, rose-lipped claret, the darling of the genial dinner. Away, away with thee, thou dangerous fiend! Here are towering banks of cold, white water; let the family comfort themselves with flagons of that.

There is a morality even in confectionery. The strictly religious person will always eat ice-cream with the flavor of lemon, and the reputation of the eater always demands that it be consumed with the greatest amount of speed; the conscience is only appeased by the making of quick time. In bon-bons otherwise known as sugar plums, there is also an individual and personal morality. When you see a demure, pious looking party at a concert, handing about briskly little twisted papers, you may be sure that the odor of mint and wintergreen will issue from them.

I have known persons too virtuous to eat chocolate, pistache or caramels, who cannot be religious without a pocket-full of peppermint lozenges.

o_o_o

The lovers of good paintings will find much to interest them in the great painting of 'The Pilgrim Fathers,' by Schwartz. It is on exhibition at Goupil's.

o_o_o

How is it, Mr. Editor, that you have not yet copied the following delicious lyric by Miss Prescott? I find it in Sir Rohan's Ghost:

In the summer even
While yet the dew was bear,
And plucking purple pansies
Till my love should come to shore
The fishing lights their dances
Were keeping out at sea,
And come I song, my true love!
Come hasten home to me.

But the sea it fell a moaning,
And the white gulls rocked thereon,
And the young moon dropt from heaven,
And the lights hid one by one.
All silently their glances
Slipt down the cruel sea,
And wait! cried the night and wind and storm,
Wait, till I come to thee!

Dramatic Feuilleton.

'Personne.'

A delighted foreign correspondent writes thus:—

Qu'est ce que cette 'Personne'? Quel esprit malin! Je gage que c'est une Française, ou plutôt un Français. Gare aux coulisses!

Which being put into English, means—but no, I will not flatter *Personne* by translating it.

Let him do it his-self.

Suffice it to say that the writer evidently doubts not only our great Feuilletonist's nationality—being quite certain that he is French—but even his sex, which he half intimates is feminine!

O, Anna Maria!

For my own part, though I might answer my correspondent's question, I positively refuse to do so, since in consequence of Personne's duty having devolved upon me this week, I am in so unamiable a state of mind that sooner than make the slightest explanation, I will leave him under the fearful imputation (fancy how he will writhe under it!) of being both a Gaul and a Woman.

Zounds and Zoyara, what a joke!

Moi-même.

I do not often flock to the theatre, and when I do I generally scatter before the play is out.

I like the atmosphere of the place, and the people who go there, and about all that is done there (except the music and the gymnastics), but not being a 'genius,' according to Buffon's definition, and therefore having no 'patience,' I invariable get played out after the third act, in which case I either go to sleep and have bad dreams, or rush to the refreshment-room and make myself miserable on bad liquor.

Hence, so far as I am concerned, the theatre has a decidedly immoral tendency—as Dr. Bellows himself will admit—and accordingly, as I said, I rarely flock to it. The reader may not see it, but for this reason I incline to think myself peculiarly qualified to be a Dramatic Feuilletonist.

No offence, however, to *Personne*, who, though he does flock to the theatre continually,—having the fear of Thespis, Thalia, and all those people constantly before his eyes—always contrives, as the reader of THE SATURDAY PRESS need not be told, to bring away with him a golden fleece.

But then *Personne* is an exception to all rules,—which according to a doubtful axiom, is so much the better for the rules, and, in any case, is so much the better for *Personne*.

Whoever can go to the theatre, or anywhere else (except Pfaff's) more than once a moon, and see anything in it, is doubtless a very cheerful bird, but he is not one of my feather. The old proverb is right in saying there may be too much even of a good thing,—the divine partridge itself not excepted. 'Linked sweetness long drawn out' is always a bore.

Indeed I never quite fancied an eternity of anything—not even of happiness; certainly not of the other thing.

And I especially dislike all kinds of eternal people. As for the eternal theatre-goer, or the eternal church-goer, or the eternal picture-goer, I fear me he must ever be an eternal nuisance. The freshness of his nature soon gets washed away, and nothing whatever is capable of producing a clean impression upon it.

It is for this reason, among others, that I have as great a horror for that class of people called connoisseurs, as Ruskin has for that equally dismal class called amateurs. The opinion of any man of ordinary common-sense is superior to that of such persons, even in regard to their own specialities.

The funniest thing is to hear them talk about 'laws'—especially the laws of the Drama, which is the most capricious and lawless thing in the world, and, from the beginning, has steadily refused to be analysed or to be subjected to any æsthetic discipline.

It would have been a good thing for the world if the sister-arts had been equally independent.

With this feeling, the reader will readily understand how it is that I throw up my hat with joy whenever I see any play or player ride over the heads of the gay connoisseurs, and take captive the hearts of the people.

I have seen it done many times, and I verily believe it has added to my length of days.

The idea that the success of any work of literature or art depends to any measurable extent upon the dicta of critics and quidnuncs is utterly absurd; and it is time that all men and women of genius found this out, if only to prevent their truculence to the Press, which can do nothing *for* them until their success is achieved, and after that can do nothing *against* them.

If this view were generally taken, all truculence and sycophancy would soon be on the side of the Press, which at present plays the master and the tyrant to an extent that has got to be slightly ridiculous.

Nearly every success which has been achieved in any department of art—and especially in dramatic art—has been achieved in the very teeth of the connoisseurs.

As a rule, the only criticism worth having is the instinctive criticism of the people, which, in the last analysis, is all that any of us care anything about.

Some people, I know, pretend to despise it; but I never yet have known anybody who was not as sensitive to it as to an East wind.

This sounds very much like demagogueism, perhaps, but I don't mind that, because every word of it is true.

What right it has in a Dramatic Feuilleton is another matter.

Evangeline.

If I were—as I hasten to assure the inquisitive reader I am not—a sensitive young lady about to make my début on the stage, and being so situated, had the choice whom I should immediately succeed, it is my firm opinion—though there is no telling what I might do as a young lady—that my choice would not fall upon Mrs. John Wood. For, although I have a high opinion of that most exuberant and guiding of actresses, and have in fact several times invested four shillings (and, in one rash instance eight) in her behalf, I do not think her exactly the person, whatever may be her natural benevolence, to prepare the way and make it smooth for any other member of her profession.

And I may furthermore say, that if I were a young lady about to try my fortunes on the stage, and had my choice of a play, I should not select one written by my mother (no disrespect to mothers as an institution), nor one of such an elaborate order that my part in it would require the experience of years to render it with justice to myself and the author.

Nor if the play were of a very high tone, should I choose the middle of Lent as precisely the best time for bringing it out.

But in all this I am probably wrong; for Miss Kate Bateman has gone and done all these things, and done them, everything considered, with remarkable success. Not that she is received with any such boisterous manifestations as those which nightly greeted and inspired her illustrious and irrepressible predecessor (*that*, it would have been unreasonable to expect), but considering her youth, the difficulty of her rôle, and the violence of the contrast she presents not only to Mrs. Wood, but to all the sensation-actresses of the day, she certainly accomplishes wonders.

Mrs. Bateman's play no doubt possesses very great merit; but the central figure in it,—Evangeline,—is such a delicate creation; has, so to speak, so little color, that however well acted, it must appeal chiefly to a class of emotions which by no means predominate among our theatre-goers.

From a popular point of view, I look upon this as a serious defect in the play. At any rate, it presents the greatest difficulty with which Miss Bateman has to contend; and the difficulty is greatly increased by the fact that nearly all the other characters in the play are so strongly drawn as to make the part of the heroine seem even more shadowy and unsubstantial than it really is.

And yet from the time she trips on to the stage with a somewhat forced sprightliness and rushes to the arms of her father—through all the intervening scenes of alternate grief and joy—to the time when she wakes up from a horrible dream and finds herself by the side of her beloved Gabriel, she enlists the sympathies of the entire audience, who throughout give her the noiseless but touching applause of their smiles and tears.

I cannot better finish my say about this subject than by giving the subjoined extract from the *Home Journal*, which I am happy to endorse word for word:

'Evangeline' is not like 'Geraldine'—a torrent of passion. It is rather a calm stream of love and sentiment, broken here and there by a rock and an eddy; but on the whole imbued with the serene beauty of the woodland and the meadows through which it winds its way. Mrs. Bateman has constructed from Mr. Longfellow's poem a charming dramatic pastoral, which is full of the fresh odors of the forest. To those whose appetites are vitiated by a systematic course of highly spiced dramatic food, and whose plays must be peppered with murders, and stuffed with mysteries, 'Evangeline' will seem tame. It appeals mostly to the higher and more refined qualities of the mind. Its tone is subdued, but rich, and pleases the cultivated critic as the rich brown tones of Couture delight the experienced eye more than the vivid reds of Horace Vernet. It has running through it, and surrounding it like an atmosphere, a poetic calm like that of an October day. It is sweet and sober vestured, like a beautiful nun wrapped in religious peace. It is this charming creation of a gifted mother that Miss Bateman has undertaken to interpret at the Winter Garden. We confess to having a weak and unphilosophical theory to the effect that it is a vast improvement to an actress to be young and beautiful. These conditions Miss Bateman amply fulfils, and to them must be added the possession of rare dramatic abilities. Indeed, her performance of 'Evangeline' is a triumph of sweet and natural acting. She is truly the tender, suffering maiden, whose grief, though never wild, is always touching. In certain emotional passages Miss Bateman was singularly unconstrained and free from conventional vocal efforts; and her singing of a little French chanson in the first, and an Ave Maria in the fourth act, gave evidence of an exceedingly sweet voice and purity of style. We hope sincerely that Miss Bateman will resolve to fix herself permanently among our New York stars. We gladly welcome this young queen, who advances so smilingly from the crowd of dramatic skeletons that fill our stage annals. We cannot conclude without saying how charmed we were with Mr. George Jordan's *Gabriel*. It was simple, natural, and manly, and at times the artist imbued it with a quiet strength which was infinitely effective.

Chamber Concert Union.

The second concert of this young but thriving society was given on Tuesday evening, at Goldbeck's Music Hall. Messrs. Guilmette (one of the 'Eternals'), Goldbeck, Saar, Dohler, and Brames, were announced in the programme, and all but the second-named gentleman, who was 'indisposed,' came up to the score. The soirée opened with Schumann's Trio in F Major—a composition full of that rocky solidity and manly passion (not bad that, eh?) which usually characterizes this composer. It was finely rendered by Messrs. Goldbeck, Dohler, and Brames, who claim the credit of having introduced this difficult composition to the New York public. Mr. Saar, a young pianist of promise, played several concerted pieces by Schuberth, with much effect. The success of the evening, however, was a scherso by Chopin, executed by Mr. Goldbeck. The ardor and spirit with which he interpreted it, brought down such a shower of applause that he had to play another morceau, which, consisting of a 'warbling chain of purled trilles,' contrasted happily with the fiery energy of the former piece.

These chamber-concerts, sustained as they are by some of the most distinguished of our younger artists, deserve the hearty support of the music loving public. There are to be four more soirées, which will be given on successive Tuesdays.

The Irishry.

I never contrived to get up much interest in the festive Irishman; for although,—Mr. Dion O'Boucicault to the contrary notwithstanding,—I have often seen him on the stage, and have faint recollections of having met with him 'elsewhere,' he has always been to me a very dreary creature. I am willing to admit with Mr. D. O'E. that he is the most industrious fellow in the world (melo-dramatically speaking), and that, in the same sense, he has all those tender, mirthful, impulsive, gushing qualities attributed to him in novels and other romances; but, for all that, his brogue is almost as wearisome to me as that of the Scotchman, and his fun the dismalest thing this side the Bowery.

For this reason I have not been to Niblo's to see *Willie O'Reilly*, nor to Laura Keene's to see *Colleen Bawn*.

From all I can learn, however, I have no doubt that they are both very excellent pieces, and that no one can see them without being convinced that, by an equitable and charming arrangement of Providence and the Playwrights, the poor of this world monopolize all the virtues, and the rich all the vices; and that when the rich and the poor come into conflict, in any matter except that of rent, the poor always get the best of it,—and also that the Celt crushed to earth will rise again, while the Saxon, if only wounded, immediately throws up his cap and asks to be buried in peace under a sweet-appletree.

And what more could a body ask?

The only really funny things, to me, connected with Colleen Bawn, are the following epistolary and oratorical productions of the distinguished 'author':—

Mr. Boucicault's Epistle to Miss Laura Keene.

30 EAST FORTIETH STREET, New York.

My Dear Madame:

Here is another Drama—my last for this season. It was written in five days, and the labor has rather overtaxed me, as this makes the seventh I have written within the space of twenty-eight weeks —one five-act play, five three-act dramas, and a burlesque. This piece is called 'The Colleen Bawn,' and is Irish to the backbone. It is the first time I have taken a subject from my native country, and, quickly as the work has been executed, I am not the less satisfied with it. 'Twill be found to be, I think, the best constructed of any of my works. Whatever demerits it may have, it is my happiest effort in that particular. The public must determine the rest.

Yours, very truly, DION BOUCICAULT.

Mr. Boucicault's Oration to the Public.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:

I thank you all for your very kind reception of our drama this evening. I think it will be admitted by you all that Irishmen do most of the hard work in this country—I mean real, hard, manual labor. I myself have worked very hard for the past seven months, and I don't believe that for the next three months you will get another idea out of me with a derrick. I have written an Irish drama for the first time in my life. The field of Irish history and romance is so rich in dramatic suggestions that I am surprised that the mine has never been regularly opened before. I had long thought of writing a play from material gathered from my native country, but this is the first time I ever tried it. The story of the piece is founded on a fact which, as you all know, was enhanced by one of the greatest of Ireland's geniuses, Gerald Griffin, at the finishing her a saved. I am encouraged to hope that our little drama of to-night, though perhaps not much in itself, may prove the small door to let others into a big house, and that other greater men, of finer genius and abilities than I possess, may hereafter give you plenty of Irish plays, which, I am certain, will be appreciated by you, from my experience of your intelligence as American citizens, and of the hearty welcome you have ever extended to everything Irish since the country has been a country.

So much for the Irishry—as Macaulay always called them.

Musical.

Here is an interesting notice of Lurline, from this week's *Musical World*:

LURLINE.—Wallace's new opera 'Lurline' has achieved a success in London quite equal to that of any opera ever before put upon the English stage. The notices from the Press of London place it in the highest rank as a most successful lyric work, and are very enthusiastic in its praises.

It differs from most other English operas, as it has no spoken dialogue, the recitatives being arranged as in the later school of Italian operas.

Mr. Wallace is so well known here, and his music so universally popular, that every one was prepared for a work of great merit, but such an unequivocal success could hardly have been anticipated even by his most ardent admirers.

The plot of the opera gives a fine opportunity for scenic effects, and careful attention appears to have been given to this portion of the performance, which is one of its attractions.

We understand that Mr. Wallace will soon be able to bring out the opera in New York, with able assistants, and we predict for it a success equal to that already achieved in London.

The legend of Lorely, on which the story is founded, has been slightly changed to adapt it to the stage.

ACT I.

Represents an antique castle on the banks of the Rhine—Count Rudolph, an extravagant young nobleman, having dissipated his patrimony among his gracious followers, propose t marriage with Ghiva, the daughter of a neighboring Baron, thinking thereby to replenish his coffers. The young lady's father, however, is nearly as poor as the Count, and hopes that the union between Ghiva and this young nobleman will the better enable him to support his own estate. An explanation soon puts an end to the treaty and the hand of the suitor is rejected.

Previous to this rupture, Lurline, the nymph of the Rhine, who, by her enchanted harp and song, lures vessels to destruction in the whirlpool of the river, has seen Count Rudolph in his barque, and fallen desperately in love with him. Accordingly she presents herself to the Count at a wild banquet (the last that he and his companions have determined to hold in the old castle), and, surrounding him by spells, places a magic ring on his finger and disappears. On recovering his reason, the Count has become enamored of the beautiful water-queen; the notes of her bewildering voice and harp attract him to the Rhine; he embarks, despite all interference, is engulfed, and supposed to perish.

ACT II.

Opens in the coral caves, under the waters, inhabited by Lurline and her nymphs, in which, by virtue of the talismanic ring, Rudolph is enabled to exist. His followers are seen in a boat, singing a requiem for the loss of their chief, by which he is so affected, that he urgently desires to return to them for a short time. Lurline consents to his departure for three days, and agrees to await his return on the summit of the Lurlei Berg, at the rising of the moon on the third evening. To augment his happiness, she prevails on her father, the Rhine King, to grant him a cargo of wealth, with which he embarks in a fairy skiff, leaving Lurline in dread of the non-fulfilment of his promise.

ACT III.

On returning to his companions Rudolph discloses to them, and to the Baron and his daughter, the secret of his almost inexhaustible wealth. This produces a great change in the disposition of the latter. The Baron once more courts the Count's alliance, while Ghiva, finding his heart engaged to Lurline, and fearing to lose her new wealthy former suitor, contrives to steal Lurline's enchanted ring from his finger, and cast it into the Rhine.

In the meantime, Lurline, inconsolable in the absence of the young Count, sits singing her laments to the chords of her harp, nightly, on the edge of the Lurlei Berg, where a grotto, in the service of the Rhine King, brings her the plighted ring, in token of her lover's infidelity. Distracted with grief, Lurline resolves to upbraid him for his perfidy and visit him with her vengeance.

The old mansion on the Rhine is now the scene of great festivity; but in this gay and gorgeous revel the rich Count is the least happy of his numerous and joyous guests. His heart is away on the Lurlei Berg, with his lovely and faithful Lurline, but he dares not present himself before her without his lost ring. Lurline appears to him when alone and demands the ring. A scene of reproach here takes place, ending by her denouncing the treachery of the companions in whom he most confides. They, grown envious of Rudolph's wealth, plotted to destroy him and to plunder the castle. Their plan is overheard and hastily communicated to the Count by the ever-listening Ghiva and her father, who importune him to instant flight. The assassins are at hand, Rudolph prefers death at the feet of Lurline. The assassins approach, when, Lurline's affection returning in full force, she seizes her harp, and, by the spell of music, causes their destruction, and effects the preservation of her penitent lover.

And here endeth this Feuilleton.

QUELQ'UN.

Literary Notes.

— Mr. James Patterson, the author of Wallace and his Times, has in the press, the *Life and Poems of William Dunbar, the Burns of the Sixteenth Century*, of whom Sir Walter Scott said that he was 'unrivalled by any poet that Scotland has yet produced.' A complete edition of his works was published in 1834, by Mr. David Laing, the Keeper of the Edinburgh Writers to the Signet's Library; but the retention of the archaic orthography and diction prevented it from popularizing Dunbar. In the new edition the poems are to be printed "from the original manuscripts, and modernised so as to be intelligible to the reader of the present day."

— The American public will be gratified with the announcement that John Lathrop Motley, author of the History of the Dutch Republic, has been elected Corresponding Member of the French Institute, in the place of the lamented Prescott.

— The *Boston Gazette*, England, of the 18th February, contains a notice of 370 volumes sent from Boston, Mass., through Mayor Lincoln, to the Workingmen's College, of Old Boston. At the suggestion of Mr. Lonsada, British consul here, the books were admitted duty free, and Lord Wodehouse was directed by Her Majesty's Ministers 'to express to the American authorities the gratification which Her Majesty's Government have derived from the kindly feeling manifested by the citizens of Boston.' It appears further, that Messrs. D. & C. MacIver, proprietors of the 'Cunard Line,' carried the books free of charge. Previous to the receipt of the Boston contribution, the library of the college only numbered between two and three hundred volumes, and it is expected that the gift from Boston will form the nucleus of a library worthy of the name. The college, as the institution is called, was established last Fall only, and now numbers four hundred members.

— A manuscript history of the Gospels, in the Celtic language, written as early as the tenth century, is said to have been discovered at Cambridge, together with other papers in the ancient Scoto-Celtic dialect. They are to be edited and published by Mr. Bradshaw.

— Mr. S. Phillips Day, a zealous English contributor to the literature of philanthropy, is preparing for the press a work more or less directly bearing on the 'great social evil.' It will be entitled 'Woman and Civilization,' and be published by the Messrs. Longman during the course of next publishing season.

— 'Virginia's Hand' is the title of a new poem, in three books, which will shortly be published (by the Messrs. Longman) from the pen of Miss Marguerite A. Power, author of 'Letters of a Betrothed,' &c.

— M. Thiers has just sent to his publishers the last sheet of the seventeenth volume of his History of the Consulate and the Empire. This volume concludes with the abdication at Fontainebleau. It is said that the 'History of the Hundred Days' will form the subject of the eighteenth and last volume.

— Among the new works and new volumes announced as nearly ready, are the second volume of Mr. Buckle's History of Civilization in England; and the fifth and sixth of Mr. Froude's History of England from the Fall of Wolsey to the Death of Elizabeth.

— Messrs. Sampson Low, Son & Co., London, announce a new volume of tales by Mrs. Gaskell.

— The exact title of Mr. Gilfillan's new work, announced in previous publications, is 'Alpha and Omega: a Series of Scripture Studies, forming a History of the Great Events and Characters in Scripture.'

— The Messrs. Longman are preparing for the press a complete edition of Lord Macaulay's miscellaneous works. They will include essays contributed to *Knight's Quarterly Magazine*,—essays in the *Edinburgh Review* which have not been reprinted in the collected edition of his Essays,—the biographies of Atterbury, Bunyan, Goldsmith, Johnson, and Pitt, from the *Encyclopædia Britannica*,—various pieces of poetry from *Knight's Quarterly Magazine*,—and others existing only in manuscript in the hands of private persons. These miscellanies, with the critical and historical essays, will form the complete edition. With regard to the 'History of England,' it has been ascertained that some portion of an intended fifth volume has been left in manuscript; but circumstances (say the Messrs. Longman) will prevent any early publication.

— Mr. James Blackwood, London, has in press 'The Discoverie of Columbus and the English in America, including concise narrations of the first settlements formed by our own countrymen in that important continent—taken from the most authentic sources, and edited by the Rev. H. P. Dunster.' Mr. Dunster, if we remember rightly, was the author of the pleasing volume 'Stories from Froissart,' published some ten or twelve years ago.

— There is at present a literary sensation in Europe. The celebrated publishing house of Brockhaus, at Leipsic, recently published a thick octavo volume of 'Letters from Alexander Von Humboldt to Varnhagen von Ense,' edited by a Miss Ludmilla Assing, of Berlin. These letters, it appears, contain numerous satirical remarks on the King of Prussia and other individuals, comprehending many living person. The letters—over two hundred and fifty in number—were never intended for publication, and it has been said that it would have been better for all parties had Miss Assing destroyed most of them, as Thomas Moore suppressed and destroyed the greater part of Byron's private papers. Miss Assing was the niece of Varnhagen, who died in October, 1858, and she found the letters among her uncle's papers. As soon as the Prussian police were aware of the character of the book, its circulation was prohibited, which, of course, made everybody doubly desirous to see it. The Prince Regent, however, removed the prohibition.

Titian's Venus.

Well might Imperial Juno storm
Till all Olympus trembled,
If beauty's Queen in face and form
This glorious dame resembled.
I marvel not that mighty Jove
Laid by his bolts of thunder,
And spite of Juno's anger strove
To win the lovely wonder.
But that's a myth—The gods of Greece
And all their wives, the goddesses,
Were feigned, the interest to increase
Of Iliads and of Odysseys.
'Twas Titian's pencil gave the world
A beauty superhuman,
And with celestial light impearled
The perfect form of woman!
And here, as in that gem of Art
That gave his name to glory,
The Venus, born of Titian's heart,
Her magic spell casts o'er me.

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[From The New York Traveller.]

ADA CLARE

Awake upon a couch of pain,
I see a star betwixt the trees;
Across yon darkening field of cane
Comes soft and slow the evening breeze;
My curtain's folds are faintly stirred,
And, moving lightly in her rest,
I hear the chirrup of a bird
That dreameth in some neighboring nest.

Last night I took no note of these;
How it was passed I dread to say——
'Twas not in prayers to Heaven for ease,
'Twas not in wishes for the day,
Impatient tears, and stormy sighs
Enhanced my woe, increased my pain—
I cursed, and cursed, the wildering eyes
That burned this fever in my brain.

O, blessings on this quiet hour!
My thoughts in calmer currents flow—
She is not conscious of her power,
And hath no knowledge of my woe.
Perhaps it like yon peaceful star,
She looked upon my burning brow.
She would not pity from afar,
But kiss me, as the breeze does now.

AGLAUS.

[For The New York Saturday Press.]

A Dinner in the Polite World;

OR,

WHY WAS I INVITED TO THE SWIFTS?

BY ENVELOPE.

Mrs. Goat Swift requests the pleasure of Mr. Jones's company at Dinner on Monday, February 15th, at 6 o'clock.

75 Central Park.

R. S. V. P.

Had his Imperial Majesty, the Emperor Napoléon, asked me to take a cotelette sans façon at the Tuileries in company with the fair Eugénie, I could not have been more surprised and pleased, than I was on receiving the above amiable little missive.

Miss Araminta Swift, whom I had always worshipped at a distance, as the ancient Medes and Persians did the planets, was, to use the consecrated phrase, 'a great belle.' I looked upon her with a mixture of awe, admiration, and respect; and well do I remember the timidity which overcame me on the occasion of my presentation. A slight bow, a grave smile, and a scarcely articulated 'Mr. Jones,' were all that were vouchsafed me. My acquaintance was clearly not necessary to her happiness, and the fair Araminta ran no danger of losing her heart through my personal fascinations or sprightliness of conversation.

And yet here was an invitation to dine. Really it was quite incomprehensible. To be sure, I had of late noticed that Miss Swift smiled upon me more kindly, more benignly. Once or twice she had even gone so far as to put her head out of the carriage, to give me a sweet smile, at the very eminent risk of dislocating her neck.

All this was puzzling to a degree. I read the invitation over again with great care, and noticed the cabalistic letters R. S. V. P. which had previously escaped me. What could they mean? The whole affair was shrouded in mystery. A vague fear overcame me that the Goat Swifts were animated by sinister designs against my personal well-being. It was only after an application and study equal to that which Champollion devoted to the deciphering of the ancient Egyptian hieroglyphics, that I became convinced that the mystical letters were simply an amiable injunction on the part of the hostess, to Remember Six Very Punctually.

The much wished for Monday came in its usual order. At four o'clock I began a system of shaving, bathing, pomatuming, and dressing. At five and a half I issued forth from my lodgings, arrayed in purple and fine linen. At six very punctually, I found myself ascending the steps of the house of my Amphitryon.

A most respectable, almost parson-like, opener of the door gravely whispered in my ear, 'second story back room, if you please, sir.' Repairing to this part of the house, I found some half dozen men engaged in brushing their hair, laying off their coats, and drawing on their gloves.

On my entrance, all eyes were turned towards me with a sort of tender, civil interest. Young Swift came forward with a cordiality I had never previously experienced at his hands, enquired after my health, was very anxious to know where I had kept myself this long while, assured me it was a duty a man owed to himself to go into society, trusted that in future I would not so entirely withdraw myself from my friends, and wound up by presenting to me the Baron de Brioche, hinting he might be useful when I went abroad. The Baron made me a profound bow, then suddenly seizing one of my hands in both of his, informed me that he was 'enchant to make my connaissance, that goot Swift had made to him my praises.'

My success in the parlor was quite prodigious; I began to fancy myself a personage. Mrs. Swift received me in the blandest manner; feared I applied myself too closely to the law, saying, Really Mr. Jones, you must not pass so much of your time in that horrid office, I am persuaded it injures your health; however, I suppose you will shortly give it up altogether.

This idea of totally abandoning my profession rather startled me, for though I had thus far found the law much more honorable than lucrative, it still afforded me a slender income, which formed my only means of subsistence. Perhaps Mrs. Swift was not aware of these little details. Passons.

As I was introduced to the different young ladies, I received more smiles and experienced more kindness, than during the whole course of my previous social career.

The doors of the dining-room were noiselessly thrown open, the venerable butler made a low bow, and the lady of the house assigned to me the charming task of taking Miss Araminta down to dinner.

Placed on the right of Swift père with his fair daughter at my side, it suddenly occurred to me that I had occupied the post of honor, the chief seat in the synagogue. Perhaps even I was the honored guest.

It is not given to every one to bear greatness when so suddenly thrust upon them. However, I am pleased to believe, that on this occasion I conducted myself with becoming humility.

Miss Araminta made herself so agreeable, talked so much, and so well, that we had already gotten to the roast, before I could devote a moment to the more material objects of the dinner. The soup had been removed scarcely tasted. The fish I was suddenly deprived of in the midst of a most interesting story, while the entremets were ruthlessly torn from me as Miss Swift was asking how it happened that we had met so often, and yet knew each other so little. Visions of Sancho Panza's feast floated alarmingly before my mind, and I brutally resolved to give all my thoughts to the next dish, and politely turn a deaf ear to the syren's voice.

At the other end of the table, de Brioche and a distinguished Russian, Colonel Bloyornosoffski, were engaged in an amiable but animated discussion concerning the Crimean war.

The Colonel assured us he never in his life enjoyed anything more. For certain grave political reasons, the whole affair had been purposely misrepresented. The sufferings of the garrison in Sebastopol were all moonshine. So far from any real suffering for want of food, he knew by actual observation that the private soldiers received regularly, three times a week, rations of ortolans, green peas, and strawberries. Every Sunday each man was furnished with a pint bottle of champagne. These delicacies were sent by the Sultan of Turkey, who, though apparently acting with the French and English forces, was secretly devoted to Russian interests. As regards the alleged severity of the weather, it was a well known fact to all those on the spot, that the feu d'enfer which was kept up on both sides during the day made it so warm that it became necessary to furnish the officers of artillery and gunners with Summer clothing. Only at night, when the fire had somewhat slackened, were they enabled again to resume woollen garments.

Reports had been circulated of the Russian artillerymen being forcibly chained to their cannon. This was calculated to leave a false impression on the mind. The truth was simply that these brave fellows were so devoted to the Emperor and the cause of their country, that in spite of all remonstrances, they would attach themselves with cords to their cannon, in order not to be relieved of duty.

Another glaring misstatement is the frightful mortality said to have prevailed in the city. In answer to this, he would merely point to the weekly returns of deaths in the town of Sebastopol during the siege. These returns cannot be questioned; they are signed by the mayor, and countersigned by the commander-in-chief of the Russian forces, General Prince Gortschakoff. On examining these, you will find that there was an actual decrease in the mortality table of twenty-five per cent. during that memorable Winter. And this is not at all surprising when we consider the wonderful effect of powder as a disinfectant. Previous to the Storming of the Malakoff, the army had lost but one soldier by the fire of their enemies, and this unfortunate man fell a victim to his own temerity, more than anything else. While taking a constitutional walk on the parapet of the fortification with a view to getting up an appetite for dinner, his head was suddenly removed from his shoulders by a well-directed cannon-ball. One cannot too much compliment the French on the surprising accuracy of their artillery practice.

Gentlemen, I am no diplomatist. I tell you these things simply and favorably as I saw them, perhaps in my own country I might speak differently. The history of the Crimean war has yet to be written.

As the Colonel eloquently poured forth these astounding revelations, de Brioche's face assumed an appearance of polite incredulity. But the Colonel's thorough knowledge of our language, gave him a powerful advantage in the discussion.

The Baron was enchanted to learn that we had all labored under so mistaken an idea concerning the sufferings of those brave Russians. In the French camp it was very different. He himself had not assisted at the siege. But his parent, the young Marquis de Sabot, who was present, had assured him that their trials were something unheard of. It was not that they complained of physical suffering, want of food, or exposure to danger. But then to be totally deprived of the refining influences of female society. No opera, no theatre, no soirées, not even a café or glacier, where one might get a glass of sugar and water, while reading the *Moniteur* or the *Charivari*.

He thought the details of the expedition had been sadly neglected. The Russians understood these things much better. He had no doubt, however, that the Emperor would profit by past experience, and so organize the Chinese expedition as to provide each soldier with the comforts of home, while supplying him at the same time with rational amusement. The Chinese war would thus procure to our brave troops a voyage of pleasure in one of the most interesting countries in the world. The surprising facility with which de Brioche rambled from Russia to China, brought up other questions, and the conversation soon became general.

Opposite me sat Hansom Slowe and Miss Peacock. Slowe seemed totally opposed to conversation, on principle. During the whole repast he had so far only opened his mouth to place something within. Imitating the silence of the owl, Slowe had, like that bird, obtained a reputation for wisdom and deep thought, which he would have found difficult to maintain in any other manner. His so-called friends, in eulogizing him, were wont to say: "Slowe is a deuced clever fellow; to be sure he says little, but then what he does say is—stupid."

However, as every man who makes a figure in this world, must really or apparently have something solid to lean upon, so Slowe's strong point was an aged and wealthy maiden aunt, in a most critical condition of health. At the death of this lady he would be plunged in grief, and at the same time come in possession of a very large fortune.

Miss Peacock, who was reported to be seriously attentive to Slowe, had been unremitting in her attentions at dinner, without eliciting anything more than a smile, a polite assent, or a feeble negative.

All at once, when the subject had faded from every one's mind, he broke out with: "Most extraordinary man, Bloyornosoffski. Russian army wonderful organization. Miss Peacock how would you like to go to the Crimea?"

Nothing would please her more. They might make up a little party; Araminta would join; perhaps the Colonel would be good enough to act as cicerone. It would be such a pleasant Summer jaunt. Mr. Raceabout, the travelled man of the party, was appealed to. He had just returned from a three months' journey through all the countries in Europe, making little excursions in Asia Minor, Egypt, and Central Africa. He was, therefore, admirably qualified to give accurate information concerning the most agreeable route. After starting this little party on their way to the Crimea, he kindly took us in imagination from the sources of the Nile to Central Africa, giving a thrilling account of his captivity and escape from a tribe of cannibals inhabiting those desert countries. Made prisoner by these barbarians, he was condemned to be eaten, but owing to his extreme leanness the execution of the sentence was temporarily delayed, that he might be properly fattened for the table. He became the object of their most tender gastronomical solicitude, and notwithstanding his great horror of obesity saw himself gradually growing stout, under the nourishing influence of bananas and cocoanut milk. On the point of committing suicide, he found in his pocket a bottle of ink. Providence inspired him with the happy idea of blackening his face. This admirable cosmetic gave to his countenance so brilliant a black, that he was taken by the negroes for one of themselves, and suffered to roam through the country at large.

With the aid of a swift dromedary, he regained the sources of the Nile. Much against his will he was now obliged to kill the faithful animal, which had assisted him in his flight. Stretching its skin over a frame of cane, and providing himself from the carcass with sufficient meat for the journey, he launched this rude bark on the waters of the Nile, and succeeded without further accident in reaching the second cataract. Had it not been for the mosquitoes, and the total absence of society, he really would have had quite a pleasant sail.

"How very interesting! And never to have spoken of it before. Why, Mr. Raceabout, you are quite a hero. You certainly must write a book and tell us something more about those dreadful cannibals and that poor dear dromedary."

As Miss Araminta finished her polite little speech, Mrs. Goat Swift rose majestically from her chair,—every one followed her example. Unescorted and alone the ladies solemnly marched towards the parlor in single file, while the gentlemen, mindful of other duties, remained sternly at their posts.

The drawingroom door is closed, and we, the lords of creation, resumed our seats, lighted our cigars, stretched our legs further under the mahogany, and filled our glasses with claret, as if there had been no such thing as care or cannibals in this lower world. The 'rosy' was vigorously passed around, the butler and his admirable assistants never even for a moment suffering our glasses to remain empty.

Swift père, justly celebrated for his wines, had in his cellar a certain Clos-Vougeot of the year of the comet, smooth, soft, and velvety as a maiden's cheek at sixteen, and to carry out the simile, fully as difficult to resist as would have been the cheek in question if freely placed within one's reach. A few glasses were calculated to make the heart of man enormously glad.

Under the influence of this insidious beverage Bloyornosoffski became magnificent, sublime; he poured forth a torrent of eloquence impossible to describe. Advancing the most novel, the most startling theories on matters and things in general, he sustained them with a logic and ingenuity which completely demolished his adversaries, de Brioche and Raceabout. He carried with him a vim, which took his audience by storm.

Bloyornosoffski had amiably given us some confidential details concerning his illustrious family. His great-grandfather having on one occasion sat for a short time on the throne of Poland, he considered himself rightfully entitled to the crown of that country. He was also related to the Pope by marriage. Before leaving France he had in a private audience laid his claims before the Emperor Napoléon, who had deigned to assure him that he would advocate his rights in the forthcoming European Congress.

De Brioche so far forgot himself as to articulate a scarcely audible 'bah!' then turning in my direction he raised his eyes tenderly to the ceiling and informed me that 'he loved to the folly the wine red, he adored it. Yes, he would commit crimes for the wine red.'

The Persians have a theory of their own, concerning drinking, which has been charmingly put in verse by the poet Hafiz. There are, it seems, three little men in our stomach, and but two little chairs in our head. After the first bottle one little man goes quietly up stairs, and seats himself comfortably. After the second bottle he is joined by a second little man who follows his example. So far everything is in order, and no one incommoded. But after the third bottle comes the third little man, who finding no seat vacant, creates that terrible disorder, we are all familiar with under the name of intoxication.

Just as the third little man was preparing to mount, our Amphitryon proposed that we should join the ladies and take coffee.

An Englishman, it is said, always fights best on a full stomach. This, to me, has ever been a wonder: judging from observation and experience, I should say that one rarely attains to any great degree of excellence, physically or intellectually, in what one attempts immediately after dinner.

On rejoining the ladies, we were expected to make ourselves agreeable. How difficult it is to be lively, witty, and brilliant to order! We found them talking chiffons, parties, and opera. What a pleasant party that was at the Periwinkle's last Thursday. All the very nicest people, and not in the least crowded. After those fearful jams at the Doolittle's and Highflyer's, it was really quite refreshing. Miss Peacock thought it the most successful German of the season. Was the Baron going to any of the parties next week? There was one every night, and on some nights two or three. He was going Tuesday and Friday, but was not expected at the others. Had everybody heard of the last new engagement? Miss Languish to Mr. Spark. It was positively announced yesterday morning at Mrs. Fitzgerald's reception. Raceabout was quite surprised; never thought anything would come of it. Always imagined she liked Bob Stuart, and was only flirting with Spark.

As ten o'clock approached, the different carriages were announced, and one by one the guests departed, after making their bow to Mrs. Swift, and assuring her how very much they had enjoyed her charming dinner.

Before leaving, the Baron de Brioche asked my address, saying that he would do himself the honor to call upon me, assuring me that "he was ravished to have met me."

Finding myself the only remaining guest, I hurriedly bade good-night. But Swift père would not listen to my going yet awhile. It was scarcely ten. If I had no pressing engagement, he trusted I would not refuse a cigar and a glass of punch, in the library; I had been so occupied with the young ladies, that he really had scarcely seen me.

There was a merry twinkle in the old gentleman's eye, which spoke plainly enough of an overdose of Clos-Vougeot. The younger Swift made me his excuses, being obliged to appear at Mrs. Butterfly's ball. To be sure it was a great bore, but then he felt it a duty, as none of the rest of the family were going. Duty before pleasure, you know, Jones, as the man said when he kissed his wife. With this charming little mot the elegant Mortimer Cavendish Swift shook me warmly by the hand, took his hat, and departed to throw an additional brilliancy on Mrs. Butterfly's party. He felt that without him the affair would be incomplete, certainly no success, and very possibly a failure.

Left alone in the society of the venerable Goat Swift, I began to feel ill at my ease. His conversation was wild, fragmentary, and unintelligible. He supposed I would soon be obliged to go South, in fact was surprised that I had not gone immediately. A great responsibility had been thrown upon me. He had been told that the plantations in Louisiana alone amounted to $2,000,000. He felt deeply for me, my feelings did honor to my head and heart. But as a friend he advised me to shake off this apathy, this indifference. Such vast interests could not, must not be neglected. There were sorrows which time alone could soften,—from a certain delicacy of feeling, he had hitherto remained silent; to do so any longer would not be acting the part of a friend.

There was here at work some influence more potent than Clos-Vougeot. As his sharp, keen, gray eye gleamed wildly upon me, I detected in his gaze that cunning peculiar to lunatics; and it suddenly flashed across my mind, that the unfortunate man before me was at times subject to partial insanity. Of course, any attempt at escape would be useless, and only tend to excite him more. My only chance was to humor and agree with him in all he said. Looking about the room for some weapon of defence in case of a sudden attack, my eyes fell upon the poker. Approaching my chair to the fire with as winning a smile as I could assume, I seized this emblem of domestic comfort, and I jesuitically poked the coals, then laying it down within easy reach, turned to my host with a much greater sense of security.

He asked, had I recently heard from Brown. Brown had been very active in the business, was in fact the leading man of the concern. But his engagements South were of such a nature that he could not leave, though he much wished to visit the North. His thoughts were now evidently on the Harper's Ferry tragedy. Too much John Brown had unsettled his mind.

He would not advise me to sell the plantations; they paid from fifteen to twenty-five per cent. net. What safe investment North brought anything like that? I assured him I could not under any circumstances be induced to part with them, in fact never dreamt of such a thing. This seemed to please him. He described in glowing terms the charms of Southern plantation life during the Winter. Of course I would pass my Summer North? O certainly! How would I like an establishment at Newport? Nothing would delight me more. He knew of a magnificent place for sale, adjoining his own, which would suit me admirably. It could be bought at comparatively a very low price. Having cost its present owner hard on $150,000 it was now offered at $100,000. Every other consideration aside, he looked upon it as a capital speculation, the land alone was richly worth the amount asked. If I did but say the word he would secure it for me the very next day.

The man was stark, raving mad. I agreed to everything he said, but suggested at the same time that it was, perhaps, as well not to be too precipitate.

Ah! I see, you want to wait for Ketchum; he will be here in a few days; I've no doubt I can keep the thing open till his arrival. Yes, that was it; I thought it more prudent to wait for Ketchum, but, notwithstanding, I would be guided entirely by his (Swift's) advice, and if he deemed it advisable to close the matter on the morrow, it would meet with my entire approval.

The clock on the mantel pointed to twelve. Keeping a 'single eye' on my host, and the other on the poker, I timidly suggested the lateness of the hour, and begged permission to put an end to this interesting conversation. In bidding good-bye, he grasped my hand with a vigor which renewed all my fear. He trusted I would come often to the house; the ladies were always at home on Friday evenings, but would be glad to see me at any time.

Entreating him not to accompany me, I backed cautiously out of the room, rushed wildly down stairs, and only breathed freely when I found myself safely in the street.

Ouf! to think that I had passed the last two hours tête-a-tête with a crazy man. What a charming surprise was reserved next morning at breakfast, for the family. The attack must have been very sudden; during dinner he seemed perfectly sane.

My rest that night was disturbed by the most frightful dreams. Goat Swift, disguised as a negro, and mounted on a dromedary, pursued me remorselessly through the barren regions of Central Africa. A legion of fiends, each one more hideous than the other, came yelling in his wake. Thirsting for my blood, these wretches gradually grew nearer and nearer, while I strained every nerve to gain the fortress of Sebastopol, which loomed up in the distance. I felt the warm breath of the dromedary close upon me. With an unearthly yell, old Swift swings the red-hot poker high in the air. I would not have given a pepper-corn for my life at that moment. When lo! Bloyornosoffski appears in the garb of an angel, with a dish of strawberries in his hand. The fiends vanish. The scene changes, and I find myself awakened by a violent cannonade against my bedroom door.

It was past two o'clock. The landlady, alarmed at my prolonged slumber, had come to see what was the matter. She handed me a letter which had arrived some eight or ten days ago, but somehow had been mislaid. It read as follows:

New Orleans, Nov. 20th, 1859.

Mr. Smith Jones, New York:

Dear Sir,—It has become our melancholy task to announce to you the death of your Uncle, Robert Skinflint Jones, who died at his residence in this city on the 15th inst., at ten of the night, beloved and regretted by all who knew him. By his will dated June 3d, 1855, he bequeathed to you the whole of his immense fortune, consisting principally of landed estate, and valued at $4,000,000.

Your respected Uncle at one time entertained grave fears concerning the stability of the Union. It was at this period of his life that he invested large sums in Europe. With great foresight he purchased domains in different parts of Spain. Thus, nearly one-half of the fortune consists of Castles in Spain, which, though at present yielding but a small income, in consequence of the distracted political condition of the country, will, we feel confident, at no very distant period, produce a princely rent-roll.

Our senior partner, Mr. Ketchum, who shortly leaves for New York, will place before you an exact statement of your affairs. Mr. Brown, who for the last four or five years previous to your Uncle's death, has had the entire management of the plantations, trusts, by strict attention to your interests, to continue to merit from you that confidence of which your Uncle deemed him so worthy.

Any draft you may make on us, will be cashed by our correspondent, Goat Swift, banker, Wall street, New York.

With much respect, &c., &c.,
KETCHUM, DONE & BROWN,
Atty's and Counsellors,
St. Charles street, N. O.

Reader mine, you now know why I was invited to the Goat Swifts.

GO TO PFAFF'S!

AT PFAFF'S
RESTAURANT and LAGER BIER SALOON,
No. 647 Broadway, New York,
YOU WILL FIND
THE BEST VIANDS,
THE BEST LAGER BIER,
THE BEST COFFEE AND TEA,
THE BEST WINES AND LIQUORS,
THE BEST HAVANA CIGARS.
—IN FINE—
THE BEST OF EVERYTHING,
AT MODERATE PRICES.

N. B.—You will also find at PFAFF'S the best German, French, Italian, English, and American papers.

C. C. MERCHANT & CO.,

DEALERS IN
SILKS, SHAWLS, LINENS, SHEETINGS, TABLE LINENS, BLANKETS, QUILTS, etc. SHADES, CORDS, TASSELS, etc.
BROCATELLES, SATIN DE LAINES, LACE and MUSLIN CURTAINS, GILT CORNICES, ETC.
449 Broadway, between Howard and Grand sts.

Weddings, Parties, and Evening Entertainments

furnished with every Luxury and Delicacy desired of Confectionery, Boned Turkeys, Capons, Game, Plain and Fancy Ices, Jellies, Preserved and Brandied Fruits, French Mottoes, Bonbons, Ornamented Pyramids of Confectionery, or of Natural Flowers, Bride's Cakes, handsomely ornamented. We furnish to all parts of the country Music, Waiters, Cooks, China, Glass, Silver, etc., at the shortest notice, and moderate terms.

WAGNER & McCULLOUGH.
BARMORE & McCULLOUGH, Successors.
Old stand, 760 Broadway, between Eighth and Ninth streets.
Branch at 922 Broadway, corner of Twenty-first street.

MRS. WADHAM

Takes pleasure in announcing to her friends and the public that she has opened a
LADIES' HAIR DRESSING
AND
Hair Dyeing Boudoir,
AT
861 Broadway, third door above Seventeenth st.

MRS. WADHAM'S establishment will be conducted on a different plan from any heretofore adopted in this city.

Female artistes will be employed exclusively, and everything that taste and refinement can suggest will be brought into requisition, in order to render her rooms a favorite resort for ladies requiring the services of a coiffeuse.

Particular attention given to the arrangement of bridal veils.

Private rooms for hair-dyeing.

Ladies attended at their own residences when preferred.

Hair-Washes, Pomades, Perfumery, Toilet, and Fancy Articles, etc., etc., specially selected for Ladies' use, constantly on hand.

⁂ MRS. WADHAM is permitted to refer to some of the FIRST LADIES in this city.

BEAUTIFUL,
ELEGANT,
DELIGHTFUL.

Elegant! Elegant! Elegant!
THE HAIR! THE HAIR! THE HAIR!
A New Discovery!
SOFT FRENCH TALLOW!

Try it! Try it! Try it!
There is nothing out like it,
For Beautifying, Puffing, Curling,
Dressing, Softening, Smoothing, Glossing,
Laying and Setting the Hair.
Imparts a Silky Gloss and Softness,
And at the same time a stiffness.
As you dress the Hair so it remains
Subdues the most obstinate Hair.
Try it, and then judge.
Makes glossy Curls.
It's the beau ideal of the Toilet.
A perfect Gem! A perfect Gem!
For Ladies' and Childrens' use.
THE NE PLUS ULTRA OF THE DAY,
For the Beauty, Fashion, and Respectability.
The Toilet—the Toilet—the Toilet!
Makes the Hair beautiful.
It's a first-class article,
For first-class times.
Delightful—Delightful—Delightful!
If it don't please, money refunded.
It should be in every Family.
It's the best preparation
For the Hair, for the Hair,
In the World.
In the World.
In the World.
In the World.
In the World.
In the World.
In the World.

Mrs. ISABEL SCIPLE. Depot 428 Broadway, New York. Price, 50 cents per box.

FOR SALE EVERYWHERE.

TOMES, SON & MELVAIN,

No. 6 Maiden Lane, N. Y.,
Importers and dealers in
JEWELRY,
FANCY GOODS,
PLATED WARE, BRONZES,
CUTLERY, GUNS, BRUSHES,
PERFUMERY & SOAPS,
MEERSCHAUM PIPES,
LATAKIA TOBACCO, etc., etc.

CHAS. H. DEMARAY,

NEWS AND DISTRIBUTING AGENT,
Nos. 115 and 117 Nassau street, N.Y.

Distributing Agent SATURDAY PRESS. Dealer in all the WEEKLY PAPERS, MAGAZINES, CHEAP PUBLICATIONS, etc.

Cards, Circulars, etc., distributed at reasonable rates per thousand. Books, Papers, etc., left on sale, or otherwise, at all News Stands and Stores in Brooklyn, Williamsburgh, Jersey City, Hoboken, and New York, at the lowest rates for cash.

Goods of all sorts, from a SEWING MACHINE to a package of MEDICINE, purchased at manufacturers' prices, and shipped as per order. Best of references furnished.

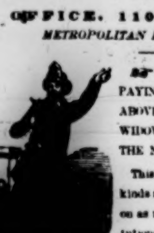
INSURANCE.

THE FIREMEN'S Fund Insurance Company

OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK.

Cash Capital, $150,000.

OFFICE, 110 BROADWAY,
METROPOLITAN BANK BUILDING.



☞ ORGANIZED ON THE PLAN OF PAYING ONE-HALF OF THE PROFITS ABOVE SEVEN PER CENT. TO THE WIDOWS' AND ORPHANS' FUND OF THE NEW YORK FIRE DEPARTMENT.

This Company insures Property of all kinds against Loss or Damage by Fire, on as reasonable terms as similar Institutions.

NATHAN B. GRAHAM, President.
HENRY BEEKMAN, Secretary.
ROBT. H. McMILLAN, Ass't Sec'y.
WM. TRAVIS, Surveyor.

COMMONWEALTH Fire Insurance Company,

Office, No. 6 Wall Street, New York,
HAS A
CASH CAPITAL OF $250,000,
WITH A SURPLUS SAFELY INVESTED IN BOND AND MORTGAGE.

DIRECTORS:
JOSEPH HOXIE, *President.*

Hugh Maxwell,	Sam'l L. Mitchell,	William J. Butler,
John J. Crane,	Dudley B. Fuller,	A. C. Kingsland,
Richard Irvin,	Wm. James Todd,	R. Burkhalter,
George Bulkley,	George T. Cobb,	Wm. R. Kirkland,
Joseph Stuart,	Robert T. Haws,	Chas. Chamberlain,
Henry Stokes,	F. C. Havemeyer,	Robert T. Wilde,
Silas Davis,	William E. Collis,	Rudolph Staudinger,
B. F. Wardwell,	J. P. Robinson,	Wm. B. Nichols,
Henry Camerden, Jr.,	Moses Taylor,	Oscar Varet
Francis Skiddy,	Charles H. Marshall,	

GEORGE T. HAWS, *Secretary.*
A. H. DOUGHTY, *Surveyor.*
N. B. HOXIE, *Attorney and Counsellor.*

THE BROOKLYN Fire Insurance Company.

CHARTERED 1824.

OFFICE	OFFICE
16 Merchants Exchange, NEW YORK.	11 COURT, Cor. of Remsen street, BROOKLYN.

CASH CAPITAL	$153,000 00
SURPLUS	107,641 72
ASSETS	$260,641 72

Dividends—JANUARY and JULY.

WILLIAM F. LEGGETT, Secretary. WILLIAM ELLSWORTH, President.
CHARLES BURKHALTER, Vice President.
GEORGE ALGER, ROBERT C. BELL, } Surveyors.

THE Manhattan Fire Insurance Co.,

(INCORPORATED, 1821.)
Office No. 68 Wall Street.
CAPITAL, $250,000.

Insures Buildings, Merchandise, Furniture, Vessels in Port and their Cargoes, and other property, against Loss or Damage by Fire.

DIRECTORS:

W. P. Palmer,	Thos. W. Pearsall,
Rufus L. Lord,	Henry Elsworth,
William F. Mott,	Augustus H. Ward,
Edwin D. Morgan,	James Colles,
William W. Fox,	Sydney Mason,
Richard Tighe,	L. S. Suarez,
Peter Cooper,	John Caswell,
Thomas Barron,	John Steward,
Robt. B. Minturn,	John C. Green,
Moses Taylor,	Eben. B. Crocker

WILLIAM PITT PALMER, *President.*
ANDREW J. SMITH, *Secretary.*

THE HARMONY Fire and Marine Insurance Company

Having removed to
50 Wall Street,
Continue the business of Insurance as heretofore, on the most liberal terms.

WM. CALLENDER, President.
R. O. GLOVER, Secretary.

CITY Fire Insurance Company,

No. 61 Wall street.

This Company, with a Cash Capital of $210,000, with a surplus of over $100,000, insures against loss or damage by fire, on favorable terms.

DIRECTORS:

George S. Fox,	Richard F. Carman,
Josiah Macy,	Henry H. Barrow,
William H. Falls,	Hull Clark,
Joseph W. Corlies,	William C. White,
John D. Wright,	John J. Walker,
Peter S. Titus,	Charles H. Marshall,
Thomas C. Chardavoyne,	Thomas W. Pearsall,
Ralph Mead,	William H. Macy,
Richard Field,	Leonardo S. Suarez,
Irad Hawley,	John Penfold,
Samuel Raynor.	

GEORGE S. FOX, *President.*
SAMUEL TOWNSEND, *Secretary.*

The Gebhard Fire Insurance Company.

OFFICES:
19 NASSAU STREET, AND
BULLS-HEAD BANK BUILDING,
Corner East 25th street and 3d avenue.
CASH CAPITAL - - - $200,000

DIRECTORS.
William D. Waddington, President.

Frederick Schuchardt,	Jaques Guedin,
Adrian Iselin,	J. P. Girand Foster,
Edward Jones,	Edward Cooper,
Robert Lenox Kennedy,	E. Von der Heydt,
Edward Burckhardt,	S. M. Beckley,
James W. Beekman,	James S. Wadsworth,
N. W. Stuyvesant,	Cornelius Du Bois,
Charles De Rham,	William Schall,
A. McL. Agnew,	George Griswold, Jr.,
William Bloodgood,	Martin Zabriskie,
William F. Cary, Jr.,	Franklin H. Delano,
George A. Robbins,	Hamilton Blydenburgh,
Samuel L. Mitchill, Jr.,	Josiah H. Burton,
David Jones,	R. L. Schieffelin.

WILLIAM D. WADDINGTON, President.
JOHN R. SMITH, Secretary.

LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY.

NEW ENGLAND LIFE INSURANCE CO.,

OF BOSTON,

Have just declared a DIVIDEND ON PREMIUMS paid and earned the last five years, payable in cash to all the policy holders, as follows:—

36 per cent. to all members since	1853.
38 " " "	1848.
39 " " "	1843.

The Dividend is declared on the following basis:

Accumulated fund, Dec. 1, 1858,		$1,395,622 21
Reservation for reinsurance at the tabular rate,	$880,262 21	
Estimated deterioration of lives otherwise than by difference of age,	88,000 00	
Estimate of losses not heard from,	20,090 00	
Contingencies of investments, 5 per cent. on the amount of property of the Company,	69,781 00	
Reserve for small bills not presented, and charges accruing at agencies on business not yet matured,	1,816 00	
Amount of surplus for distribution,	335,763 00	$1,395,622 12

☞ This is the oldest American Mutual Life Insurance Company, and one of the most successful, and is purely Mutual, dividing all the surplus profits in cash, among all the Insured.

Insurance may be effected for the benefit of married women, beyond the reach of their husbands' creditors. Creditors may insure the lives of debtors.

Last report and other publications and information respecting the advantages of life insurance, furnished gratis at the Branch Office, Metropolitan Bank Building, No. 110 Broadway, New York city.

JOHN HOPPER,
Agent and Attorney for the Company.

INSURANCE.

EMPIRE CITY Fire Insurance Company,

Office, No. 54 Wall street.

CAPITAL $200,000.
WITH A LARGE SURPLUS.

In addition to the Insurance of Buildings, Merchandise, &c., this Company pays particular attention to the Insurance of
RENTS AND LEASES.

LINDLEY MURRAY, President
W. A. BURTIS, Jr., Secretary.

THE Metropolitan Fire Insurance Co.,

108 BROADWAY,
CORNER PINE STREET.

CASH CAPITAL - - - - $300,000.

This Company, having a Cash Capital exceeded by those of only four other Companies, continues to insure all kinds of Personal Property, Buildings, Ships in port and their cargoes, on terms as low as are consistent with the security of the insurers and the insured.

DIRECTORS:
JAMES LORIMER GRAHAM, President.

Joseph B. Varnum,	Paschal W. Turney,
Leonard Appleby,	Franklin H. Delano,
Fred. H. Wolcott,	Henry V. Butler,
William K. Strong,	Jos. B. Varnum, Jr.,
Moses Taylor,	Sam'l D. Bradford, Jr.
James O. Sheldon,	Bowes R. McIlvaine,
Daniel Parish,	Gilbert L. Beekman,
J. Lorimer Graham, Jr.,	John C. Henderson,
Gustavus A. Conover,	Lorrain Freeman,
Martin Bates, Jr.,	Edward Macomber,
Dudley B. Fuller,	Watson E. Case,
Charles E. Appleby.	

EDWARD A. STANSBURY, Secretary
ROBERT C. RATHBONE, Ass't Secretary.

The Resolute Fire Insurance Co.,

No. 3 Nassau street, N. Y.

CASH CAPITAL..............$200,000
WITH A LARGE SURPLUS.

First Dividend to the Assured,
JULY 1st, 1860.

This Company, at the solicitation of its numerous Patrons, and in accordance with the vote of its Directors, and with the assent of its Stockholders, will hereafter

Divide three-quarters of the net Profits to the Assured

Those doing business with this Company will receive, annually a large return of their Premiums.

Parties preferring a cash deduction from the Premium at the time of issuing the Policy, are entitled to that privilege.

N. B.—Inland Navigation and Transportation Risks taken at favorable rates.

C. F. UHLHORN, President
WILLIAM M. RANDELL, Secretary.
D. D. LORD & H. DAY, Counsellors. HIRAM FUNK, Surveyor
New York, July 1st, 1859.

THE NEW FEATURE IN FIRE INSURANCE.

SECURITY INCREASED! COST REDUCED!!

The Market Fire Insurance Company,

Is now giving to Parties insuring with it, in addition to the Security of its Cash Capital of
$200,000,
and LARGE SURPLUS, a participation to the extent of
SEVENTY-FIVE PER CENT.
in the net profits of its business, which is set apart as a SCRIP FUND, and held by the Company for the Increased Security of its Policy Holders and Protection of its Capital; and when the accumulations of said Fund shall exceed the sum of
$500,000,
the excess will be applied to redeem the Scrip in the order of its issue. These advantages of
ADDITIONAL SECURITY AND REDUCED COST,
must command for the Company a large portion of the business of all discriminating parties, and make it at the same time, directly to the interests of persons having Policies therein, to induce others also to insure in it, to the mutual benefit of all.

Office, No. 37 Wall street, New York.

BENJ. H. HOWELL, President.
ASHER TAYLOR, Vice-President.
H. P. FREEMAN, Secretary.

☞ The Policies of this Company fully protect Mortgagee's interests.

JULY, 1859.

The Insured Participate in the Profits,
WITHOUT INCURRING ANY LIABILITY WHATEVER.

Continental Insurance Co.,

CITY OF NEW YORK.
OFFICE NO. 18 WALL STREET.
CASH CAPITAL, - - $500,000

THE attention of the community is respectfully called to the following features, in connection with this Company:

FIRST:—By insuring in this Company, the advantages of a Mutual Insurance Company are obtained, with the additional advantage afforded in the security given by an ample and reliable Cash Capital—a feature not presented by ordinary Mutual Fire Insurance Companies. The dividends to customers, already declared, are as follows:

		Pr. Ct.
First Annual Division to Policy Holders, declared	July 9, '57,	25
Second " " " "	July 8, '58,	50
Third " " " "	July 14, '59,	50

SECOND:—The security given, which is already large, will constantly increase with each year of successful operation. This is exhibited clearly in the following Statement, showing the position of the Company in each year since the new system was adopted:

July, 1856, Net Assets possessed by the Co.,	$570,363 43
" 1857, " " " "	649,719 54
" 1858, " " " "	751,908 52
" 1859, Gross Assets, " "	805,681 84
" Liabilities,	16,514 37

THIRD:—The insured incur no liability whatever, while obtaining these advantages of superior security and cheapness.

FOURTH:—This Company has reserved the right to issue Policies which do not participate in the profits, and such policies will be issued to those who prefer it, at prices as LOW as any COMPANY can insure, and, at the same time, present PERMANENT SECURITY to their customers.

GEORGE T. HOPE, President
H. H. LAMPORT, Secretary. CYRUS PECK, Ass't Secretary.

LOUIS GRAUMANN,

APOTHECARY AND CHEMIST,
698 Broadway.
(N. E. CORNER OF FOURTH STREET.)

GRAUMANN'S CORDIAL,
Elixir of Calisaya Bark.
TONIC, ANTI-FEBRIFUGE, ANTI-DYSPEPTIC.
LOUIS GRAUMANN, 698 Broadway
N. E. Corner of Fourth street

Chapped Hands, Face, Lips, &c.

CERTAIN CURE.

HEGEMAN & CO.'S Camphor Ice with Glycerine. Cheap, safe and agreeable. Price 25 cents

HEGEMAN & CO.,
Nos. 161, 399, 511, and 756 Broadway
Sent by mail on receipt of 30 cents.

JOHN S. PIERCE,
Importer and Dealer in
CHOICE FRUITS, WINES, TEAS, ETC.,
685 Broadway,
NEW YORK.

GOURAUD'S ITALIAN MEDICATED SOAP. It is well known, cures TAN, PIMPLES, FRECKLES, SALT RHEUM, BARBER'S ITCH, CHAPS, CHAFES, TENDER FLESH, etc., besides being the very best shaving compound ever invented. *GOURAUD'S POUDRE SUBTILE* uproots hair from low foreheads, upper lips, or any part of the body, safely and quickly, warranted. *LIQUID ROUGE* for pale lips and cheeks. *LILY WHITE* for flushed, red, and heated faces. *HAIR DYE*, instantly converts red, gray, or light hair to a beautiful brown, without staining the skin. *HAIR RESTORATIVE* for the hair to grow, and make stiff, wiry hair soft, glossy, and silky. Found at Dr. GOURAUD's old established depot, No. 67 WALKER STREET, first store from Broadway. Sold by Mrs. HAYES, Brooklyn, and Druggists generally.

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